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THE HOUSE BY THE HOWFF.

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CHAPTER V.

LORD BALMEATH kissed his daughter, and leading her into the long room said, as he gazed on her with an expression in which pride and affection were strangely mixed: "And you have indeed done it, and safely! I had some fearsome moments for you in the night, and the morning has seemed long; but you are safe."

"Yes father; the packet is now on its way. I put it into Sir Francis's own hand, and saw him go on board the schooner."

He parted the hair from her brows with his hands, and kissed her forehead again: "You are daughter and son to me, and half your mother's presence remained with you. It is a sin for me to repine against misfortune when heaven gives me you."

"But there was a party on the road in wait for me," she said.

Her father's face grew pale. "And yet you came through? Tell me of that."

The serving-maid entered and busied herself laying out the breakfast, while Lady Christine, seating herself at her accustomed place in the soft south light of a beautiful morning, told the tale of her strange encounter with James Grier and his revelation of the unknown danger she had passed

through. Her father questioned her narrowly as to all that had happened and was said, and confessed his extreme perplexity. "One thing is certain," he said, "there is a traitor; but who?"

"Monsieur est servi," said the maid as she curtsied and withdrew. There was fish, and a ragout; by the side of Lord Balmeath stood a silver flagon of red wine, while for Lady Christine was set a frothing cup of milk.

"In any event this man does not know you?"

"Not at all."

"Well then, whether it be a trick or a true tale, all is safe, and our securities with the Prince are on their way. Our last hope lies there, though I may not live to see its fulfilment. Please God you may yet benefit, else would I never have risked you in the affair."

When the meal was ended he said: "And now, Christine, would you rest?"

"Nay, I have no need."

"It is a fine spirit, my lass. Rest to the wise is compulsion; it is a vile thing but for necessity. The sole thing that dies is weariness, for weariness means time. But for that we should be immortal here." He threw open the window. "It is a braw day again. Fetch Seneca. This is the true way to take life. The doughty

deed and generous thought go well together. Limb and brain furnished and exercised, what have we to fear?"

The old lord's ways were methodical. He read out a sentence of the Latin slowly, then once again fluently, with point and emphasis. Christine, sitting opposite with a separate copy of the old moralist, followed the words, her brow in her hands. She pondered a little, referred once or twice to a dictionary, and then ventured her translation. "In the main correct," her father would say; "let us look more closely." And he proceeded to analyse the words and their relations, then to expound the sense. The lady, in all the grace of beautiful youth, listened gravely. They had proceeded thus for some time when her father started, and rising, exclaimed, "Grier, Grier; did you say James Grier?"

"Yes; James Grier."

"A dark-haired, middle-sized, thick-built man, with a scar over the bridge of his nose?"

"The same, father."

"But he was my sergeant in France. Heavens, this is complex! And he stays at Lowrie's?"

"So he said."

At that moment the roll of the town-drum was heard through the open window, and the voice of the crier making proclamation, but of what matter they could not at that distance distinguish.

Father and daughter looked at each other. "There's a stir in the town, Christine, and I fear it may concern your night's journey. I must see Grier, but how—how? I dare not go to Lowrie's if things are so; he is one of us." He paused in thought. "It is for you, my lass. You can go openly to the shop for my week's snuff, and take occasion,—you will best discover how—to get Lowrie to send Grier up here. Find out what the stir is about, and if it be on ac-

count of Grier's feat." He laughed. "It is like the fiery fellow; on my soul, had I but seen it I should have shouted approval! It were well he were here if he can come unmarked; Lowrie will find the means if the thing is feasible. Hasten now, Christine."

Wearing a rich velvet cloak and a hat with a sweeping feather, Lady Christine stepped out alone down the Friar's Wynd. At the foot of the street she heard the drum far up the Argyll-gate. Many an eye was turned to gaze on her beauty as she passed along the busy thoroughfare, and curtsies from the old were not few, for the benefactions of those who lived in the House by the Howff were many. Calmly she crossed the street and, turning down the Thorter Row, made her way to Lowrie's shop. Lowrie himself was at his counter, and on a bench sat several leisurely citizens smoking and discussing the newest incident of a stirring time. They doffed their bonnets as the lady entered. "Good-morning, my lady; I hope my lord your father is well."

"Quite well, Mr. Lowrie; but I fear his habit of snuff grows on him."

"Ay, but it's a good habit, and I will be the last to complain of it. And the rappee was good?"

"Too good, I fear."

The gossips showed no signs of going, but sat gazing respectfully while Lowrie made up the snuff; and when he handed her the leaded packet, Lady Christine was at a loss how to proceed. She answered his "good-day," and went out, but returning after a few steps called him at the door.

He came out. "Speak low," she said, holding up the packet as if the talk were of snuff. "I believe there is one James Grier staying with you."

"Yes and no, my lady," said Lowrie after some hesitation. "He was here and may not come back, for there's proclamation out against him, as a

person unknown, for some affair on the post road the past night,—a strange story."

"My father would like to see him, if it can be done quietly. He believes him to be the same Grier as was his sergeant in the Guard in France."

"Indeed he is the same. I will try to get the message to him if it can be done."

"Discreetly, Mr. Lowrie."

"Certainly, for my sake and his. It's not my part to question his lordship's prudence."

Lady Christine smiled. "My father is not prudent, Mr. Lowrie; that is why he wants to see Grier."

"I will try what can be done by cripple Davie."

"He will thank you. This is too long a talk about snuff. Good-day."

At the top of the Row on her way back Lady Christine encountered the cripple-boy, who had returned from following the town-crier. At sight of the lady his face broke into a smile which shaped his mouth and eyes like a cherub's, but distorted into greater grotesqueness his head and brows.

"Well, Davie," she said, laying a soft hand on his shock hair, with a gentle singing of the Scots in her voice, "are ye getting enough to eat?"

"Ay, sometimes."

"Are you hungry now?"

"Some!" His eyes glistened as the lady's hand was slipped into the velvet pocket that hung by her side.

"What will ye buy with this?" she asked, holding out a penny.

"A saft bap, wi' treacle inside."

"And here's a sweetie too," she said. "And, Davie, Mr. Lowrie has an errand for ye; and mind ye do it warily. Nobody to ken of it but you and me, Davie. You'll no tell!"

The boy shook his head, and a look of grim dourness came over his face as he said, "Na."

She stroked his unruly hair again as she turned away, and he stood watching her till she had passed into the Friar's Wynd, with a strange flush on his face.

Lowrie who had remained standing at his door, oversaw the colloquy. The boy slunk into a corner, and became absorbed in his sweetmeat, licking it tenderly at first, and only with reluctant biting off little pieces, as if the short-lived nature of such delights was weighing on him. Between whiles he paused to look at the penny in his hand. Suddenly he became aware of Lowrie; a gleam of memory shot through his mind and he hurried down the Row.

"Come here, ye loon," said Lowrie. "Do ye ken Mr. Auchenleck the lawyer's?"

"Is it for Christine?"

"Say Leddy Christine, ye scoonrel."

Davie took a meditative bite of his sweetmeat, not heeding the correction. "If it's for her, I ken," he said; "if it's no for her I'm gaen to spend my penny."

"Go to Mr. Auchenleck's, and find out the man ye loot in here this mornin'."

"I'm no hearin'," said the boy, turning away.

"Dang ye for a stubborn stirk; it's for the ledly."

"Weel, I'll gae; but I'm no to tell naeboddy."

"No, nor be seen either. And when ye find him, take him to the House by the Howff. Ye were best go by the meadows, and go afore him so that ye be na seen thegither; for gin the town-drummer gets ye, ye'll both be hanged."

Mr. Auchenleck's office was at the further end of the Market-gate, on the north side. It took the boy but two minutes to get there, but how to find out the man he was in quest of puzzled him.

Meanwhile James Grier's mission had not prospered. When at last the lawyer came to his office, his head buzzing with the public news, he told Grier brusquely that a new tenant had already been accepted and the business settled.

The old soldier buttoned his coat over the hundred pounds and rose to go. Then Mr. Auchenleck remembered that it was politic for a lawyer to show courtesy even to those from whom at the moment no profit can be drawn.

"You will be disappointed?" he said.

"I am more," said Grier. "I think, sir, it is an injustice to announce twelve o'clock in the day as the hour for receiving proposals, and to close the affair before that time."

"There were but few offerers, my friend, and business must be despatched."

"Yet, sir, I have walked from Kinfauns this past night to keep the time. I have the hundred pounds in my pocket, and I only hope your new tenant will be as faithful as I would have been."

Mr. Auchenleck was somewhat put out at this upbraiding, for, in truth, he had been obliged to remit part of the deposit with the accepted applicant. But before he could say anything more, James Grier walked out proudly.

"Walked from Kinfauns in the night," muttered the lawyer; "he must have been set on it." He sat down to his papers. "Walked from Kinfauns in the night!" he repeated. "That is strange indeed. What if this should be the man who is sought for? And yet he made no concealment of the fact. But still——Macintosh," he called, and a clerk appeared. "Go down and see which way that man takes. Follow him discreetly."

When Grier stood once more in the street he paused irresolute. Should

he go back to Lowrie's, or take the road for home at once? At that moment he was tapped on the leg by the cripple boy. "Ye're to gang wi' me," said Davie.

"With you, ye deil's imp?" said Grier, recognising him. "An' where to, an' what for?"

"I dinna ken what for, but ye're to gang wi' me to the House by the Howff, an' to haud yere tongue."

"The House by the Howff," repeated Grier. "There's an unco sound about it. Whose bidding is it?"

"Christine's."

"And who is Christine?"

"Gin ye follow me ye'll see; but gin ye stand here haverin' we'll baith be hanged."

"Who sent you?"

"Lowrie."

"There's fate in this," said Grier whimsically, and as he gazed at the strange figure of the deformed boy, he laughed aloud. "Lead, Cupid, and I'll follow," he said in heroic strain, quoting a song.

"That's no my name," said the boy. "Cooper's anither laddie; he's a thief. My name's Davie."

"Cupid's a thief; how true! And I'm to go to the House by the Howff at the bidding of Christine? Fortune is not done with you yet, James Grier."

"I'm to gang first, an' ye're to follow."

"Is that the bond? This is delightful. The House by the Howff, what a sound! I'll loosen my dirk, for if Cupid's turned thief there's no knowing what Christine may be, in spite of her name."

The boy stumped off through a long close which emerged on the town meadows, Grier close behind him. At a discreet distance followed Macintosh, Mr. Auchenleck's clerk. It was not in Davie's instructions to see that he was not followed, and Grier knew of no reason for precaution, so

they held on till by a devious path the boy reached the house in the Friar's Wynd, to which he pointed, saying, "Ye're to gang in there."

"And you?" asked Grier.

"I'm gaen to spend Christine's penny."

The boy continued on his return way down the wynd without further concern, while Grier stood regarding the house meditatively. Just as he had made up his mind to knock, the door opened, and Lord Balmeath, after looking at Grier for a moment, said, "Sergeant Grier, be pleased to come inside."

"My lord," he stammered out, "my lord; *mais, est-ce que vous*—pardon; I am confused. France comes back on me."

Lord Balmeath shook him by the hand, and closed the door, while on the other side of the road, observing as if he saw nothing, Macintosh hastened back to Mr. Auchinleck with the intelligence of what he had seen.

"Macintosh," said the lawyer, "I doubt not but we have done a day's work. We will rid the town of another nest of Jacobites. That's the man that tied up Captain Arklay last night, and made a clear way for the messenger. I'll go to the provost and unthread the tangle."

He went out, and Macintosh, his eyes flashing, said, "Damn your Whig soul! If I had known it was that errand I was on, deil a thing should I have seen."

The lawyer went straight to the Townhouse, and half an hour later Lowrie was haled before the Magistrates, and cripple Davie, with Lady Christine's penny still unspent in his hand, accompanied him.

CHAPTER VI.

"Sit down, my worthy Grier," said Lord Balmeath with stately grace, "sit down."

"If it is your lordship's pleasure," answered Grier, remaining standing until his lordship made a complaisant motion with his hand.

"And how has it fared with you since the pleasant days in France?"

"Like a mirk day, my lord, neither shine nor rain. I thought to take a bit farm for myself, but I was too late, and I am bound back home, my errand spent. And how does your lordship?"

"Broken, James, broken. The attainder lies upon me for loyalty, my wife is dead, I have no son, and but one daughter. But for her sake my sword would in these late days have been fleshed anew in the good cause to which we drank so often in France. We live here upon the relics of her mother's portion, and I begin to count the days to my end."

The rounded dignity of the old man's sad recital touched Grier to the heart. "We are out of fashion, my lord."

"Fashion, sergeant? Is that the word?"

"That is the word, my lord. Faith is but a fashion, and loyalty a mode, else they could not have died so soon."

"It is well said; but let us not complain. It glads my heart to see you again. We had fine times in France."

"Fine times indeed, my lord; but we bear the Scot's curse."

"What is that?"

"Scotland. When I get dowie in the wet weeks I dream of a pleasant vineyard near Rheims, and a woman that grat sair when I turned my back on it for home. Sometimes I would fain go back, for there I was a more effectual man than ever I can be here; but I am Scots, and the curse o' hame is on me."

"True, James, true. We are fools of national fate and sentiment."

"Yes, my lord. And when I did

my weekly worship in France, I conceived in spite of myself that the great God, who I should know is in heaven, really dwelt in Perth, and I made no speed in my prayers till I imagined myself in the church of my youth; and I would have bartered twenty Jordans for one glint o' the Tay where my mither washed her clothes."

Lord Balmeath smiled, but it was a smile of appreciative emotion. "And how did you fare this last year?"

"I was at Prestonpans, full of joy and fight. But south to England was too mad a trick for an old campaigner like me. I joined again in time for Falkirk, and, alas the day, I was at Culloden! I am an unmarked man and slipped home quietly; for there's none curious about me, nor any kent soul to bury me when I die."

Lord Balmeath rose and grasped him by the hand in silence, stammering out confusedly, "You have done your duty; would I had been free to do as much!" Then he lightened up. "I imagine, sergeant, these considerations lent ye a good grip for Captain Arklay the past night?"

"Who told you this, my lord?"

"The town-drummer,—and someone else." He rose, and going out of the room called at the stair-foot, "Christine."

In a few moments the lady entered, and her father, who had paced the room the while saying nothing, turned to Grier: "This is my daughter." Then to her he said: "I present you, my dear, to my sergeant in France and now my friend, Mr. James Grier."

She bowed ceremoniously, a humorous smile playing about her mouth, while his lordship looked on with a like amusement. "Know you not the lady, sergeant? You have met before. Look again."

Grier raised his eyes respectfully and gazed on her for a few seconds,

then he started and looked more fixedly, while with her colour a little heightened she bore his scrutiny.

"Pardon," he said suddenly, coming to himself, "even his lordship's command shall not make me forget courtesy. What I was thinking is impossible."

"Nay, but it is true. This is the gallant you foregathered with this morning," said Balmeath.

Grier stammered out some incoherent expressions. "Was I rude, my lady?" he finally asked.

"Nay, you were delightful."

"Then by my faith, gin ye say so, I would have tied up ten Captain Arklays for your sake and service." The lady looked pleased, but whether more so at Grier's surprise or his devotion must be but a guess.

He continued: "But, if I may be so bold as to ask, what took your ladyship on such a deed when men like me are to spare?"

"Ah, sergeant," said her father, "there are none now to spare in Dundee. It is but a year ago since the whole town danced to the Prince's pipers; now they are all Whigs. 'Tis trade, James, trade, which always follows the uppermost side. There were papers left at Perth last year necessary to be preserved and given to the Prince against the time which, let us hope, may yet come, but not a trusty man could be found in Dundee to bring them down. Even as it is, there's a foul traitor somewhere, but who, out of so few, Heaven alone knows. But, sir," he continued with dignity, "although my daughter did this thing, she did it with no abatement of her womanliness, but rather by enlargement. Conceiving that you, who shared the peril, might possibly be in danger, we have brought you here, where you will be safe if, as I trust, no one knows of your coming."

"I was in the mind, my lord, to

hold on my way home to Kinfauns, for my errand in this town has failed. Even if I am searched out I have a good defence, for I acted naturally to safeguard my hundred pounds."

At the old lord's request Grier proceeded to give a circumstantial relation of the occurrence on the road, to which Christine listened with absorbed attention, and her father with many a laugh of approval. "Yes, sergeant," he said, "you are better here for the present. You could never persuade the Powers that be of your way of the matter. Bide with us in hiding for a little. We'll share fortune together. Our life is simple, but I have still a draught of wine for an old comrade."

Grier took his wine ceremoniously, drinking first to the lady and then to her father with stately phrases, and ending with a deep health "to the true King."

"Now to our exercise," said his lordship, leading the way upstairs to a long, low room just under the roof, the walls of which were hung with swords, breastplates, and other weapons and armour. From a ledge he took a foil, and another, which lay on the closed top of an old spinet, he handed to his daughter. Both then donned a mask, and the lady in addition, a padded corslet and gloves. "You shall be umpire, sergeant," said Lord Balmeath, "without favour for the lady. She gets the better of me now and again, but like a true woman claims an advantage when there is none such. I have thought to chalk her button, but she will have none of it. Women, James, as you may have remarked, dread nothing so much as proof; they love to wrest facts from the unsubstantial." Lady Christine, for sole answer, smilingly flicked her foil, and her father, handing Grier a small walking-sword, continued: "Now, sergeant, at your word; we

omit the salute. And, once more, no prejudice for the lady."

Grier extended his sword and the foils were crossed over it. As he paused, holding both in guard for a second or two, he noted with admiration the extreme grace of the lady's posture. "*Engagez!*" he cried dropping his point and stepping back; and the twinkling foils whispered with a low music that made his eyes shine.

Balmeath kept a firm stand from the first as if on anxious defence against a more agile opponent, while the lady tried his guard with rapid thrusts at every point. To Grier it seemed she went through the whole gamut of fence, her father the while maintaining his close guard without once venturing on a *riposte*. From her free wrist the flashing foil seemed to leap with life about him, and she to grow impatient and bolder, while a long series of passes culminated in a thrust that carried her beyond the line of her father's point. His parry was true, and the return rapid, but with superb agility she leaped back into guard, while his steel, glancing over her wrist and forearm, seemed to touch her shoulder.

"I claim a hit," said his lordship.

"No hit," said the lady. "No hit, my lord," said Grier, as he again gave them distance and the word. Balmeath seemed already well-breathed, but Grier saw with wonder that his daughter's ardour was only kindled.

Again the blades whistled their keen tune, and wrist felt wrist for the least sign of relaxation. Again the lady made a swift lunge; again it was parried, and the *riposte* struck aside; but his lordship following up with more offensive play, a series of rapid passes followed, in which only the splendid agility of the girl saved her from the risks of her long thrusts. She seemed to gather audacity as the bout wore on, and, as if conscious of

some advantage, pressed ever for an opening, searching every point of her father's guard.

Grier in an ecstasy of delight gazed on the movements of the lissom form, fearing every moment that some slight failure of time or line would permit of the opposed point reaching her, but she redoubled her play with ever increasing assurance, until remembering his functions as umpire he observed she had gradually forced her father round to the right. "*Arrêtez*," he called out, and as the lady's point fell instantly into the palm of her left hand, the sergeant would not have changed that one moment of command and obedience for the rule of the greatest monarch in Christendom.

"His lordship has the sun in his eyes," he said. He gave them their first ground again, the father seeming glad of the interval of breath. But scarcely had Grier uttered the word to re-engage, than Lady Christine renewed her assault with fresh fire, and at the fourth thrust getting her steel well over her father's wrist she landed the button full and fair on his right breast. She recovered herself with a laugh, and a sudden half-tearful look of pitying affection came into her eyes as she watched her father. His lordship turned to Grier with amused interrogation in his face.

"I am afraid it is a touch, my lord."

"A touch, sergeant? I am as dead as mutton. What think you of that for a lady's fence?"

"I think, sir, that this gallant may call me coward, or Whig, or any other name he has a mind to, and I'll take it humbly, for I would not face him for a thousand pound."

Christine removed the mask, and showed her beauty touched to its highest by excitement, yet ever in her eyes lay the half sorrowful affection.

"She kills me so twice a week, James, and it is now a month since I managed

to touch her." Although received from his daughter, the friendly defeat in the fencing turned Balmeath's thoughts to the sadness of vanished powers. "Yes, sergeant, she is son and daughter to me, and I live for her sake. My day is done. I bide here eating out my heart, my only hope that when I am gone my lands may return to her. But I must not die too soon, though weary thoughts and gone hopes thrust me that way."

"It is better as it is, my lord."

"Nay, nay; it is worse."

"Better, sir; the cause is dead."

"Say you so too? Is your faith gone?"

"My faith is what it was, but my belief has wide e'en, my lord. Romance and loyalty are nearly dead; trade and wealth rule the world now. The Stuarts dream of regaining an ancient kingdom; the Whigs gather gear and nurse a new empire. Let us laugh, sir; we are out of the fashion of it. Swords will go to rust and ledgers accumulate. We had been happier had we died langsyne."

The wrath on Balmeath's face fell away into a profound sorrow. Lady Christine, looking from the one to the other, seemed neither sorry nor glad.

The clatter of horse at that moment in the street, caused all three to look at each other with surprise. The party had apparently stopped at the door, and there came a sound as from a crowd of people, followed by a loud imperative knocking.

Lord Balmeath started up, and Grier said: "It seems a small party of horse, my lord, and if, as I guess, they come for me, I will go down and give myself up."

"What mean you, Grier? I surrender you in my own house? I thought other of you."

"My lord, I would wish not to give you or her ladyship any trouble."

"This is my house, sir, and I dispose of those under my protection. Follow me."

He led the way downstairs to the little hall and pressing the spring of the archway, which opened noiselessly, motioned Grier to follow, taking him by the arm as they passed down the few steps in darkness into the burial vault. The scanty sunlight, struggling through the ivy, fell on a Christ hung against the wall above the little altar-table.

"Stay here till I come again. You are quite safe; the dead will not molest you." Lord Balmeath passed out again, and to the maid-servant who stood ready at the street-door said, "Open, I am at home," retiring to the dining-room. Lady Christine remained upstairs in her own chamber.

CHAPTER VII.

On the steps without stood Captain Arklay, and drawn up by the pathway his four troopers. On being told that Lord Balmeath was in, the Captain made his compliments and a request to be allowed to see him.

"You are to enter," answered the maid.

Captain Arklay made a ceremonious bow to his lordship in the dining-room, which was responded to in like wise, with a "Pray be seated."

"My errand, my lord, is unpleasant, and will not require such long explanation that I need sit. It is, in fine, that you deliver up to me the person of James Grier, now in this house."

"Sir," said Balmeath, "you somewhat omit courtesy in thus thrusting facts upon me. James Grier is not in this house."

"My lord, it is dangerous to toy with the King's power. Do you deny James Grier was in this house?"

"I do not know the extent of your warrant; but I imagine, sir, you will

keep away from ground of personal offence. James Grier is not in this house."

"My power, Lord Balmeath, extends to searching it."

"To do so, sir, would be to doubt my word. It is your occupation to doubt words, I believe. I do not quarrel with your trade, but no one ever doubted mine with impunity."

"I have positive information that James Grier entered this house but half-an-hour ago. If not here, where is he?"

"James Grier, is my very good friend, sir, and I would not put him in your power if I knew. It must suffice you that he is not in this house."

"I take leave to doubt it, my lord."

"Then, by God, sir, you shall answer to me for your doubt. Search, if you will; you know the price."

Captain Arklay winced a little. "This heat is unnecessary, my lord. You may not know he is here. It is important for me to arrest him for participation in a treasonable act." Balmeath's lip curled. "Moreover, the man did me personal violence. I must have the rogue."

"James Grier, I repeat, is my friend."

"Your friend? He is but a common man."

"Pardon me, sir, he is a most uncommon man; and since birth and rank have turned their coats, we must take honesty where we find it. What James Grier did to you personally I take upon myself. As for your capacity of Government-officer I say nothing, but in respect of anything done to your person, why, sir, he had good cause."

"Lord Balmeath!" exclaimed Arklay furiously.

"Good cause, I say, and I take his act upon me. I will make it good upon you as a gentleman should.

Grier is a most honest man, and my good friend." All this the old lord uttered in a tone of calculated aggravation.

"Lord Balmeath, you forget the times and the part you are playing. I could, if I cared, trip you up also."

"*Part and playing*,—is that the new language, sir, for *faith and honour*? And to avoid honour's issue do we trip men up nowadays?"

"By heavens, my lord, flesh and blood cannot endure this."

"It ought not, even when it is mere flesh and blood."

"Then, my lord, name the hour and place."

"Why, Captain Arklay, I am glad to see the motion of some spirit in you. We dance to-night, and drink, if we like it; in the morning we fight. It is the good old way, the soldier's life. We shall be on the ground in the East Chapelshade by four o'clock. If the moon shines a little it will serve; if not, why we can wait the sun."

"Still I must search the house; I must fulfil my commission. If you were a true soldier, my lord, you would appreciate that."

"Appreciate is a good word, Captain Arklay; it means to put a price upon a thing. Be assured that I do so."

Captain Arklay called for two of his troopers to assist him in the search. "The first room upstairs, sir," said Lord Balmeath, "is my daughter's; it were well you knocked before you entered."

At that moment the lady descended, to whom the Captain made a low obeisance. He performed his now distasteful task somewhat perfunctorily, and in a short time returned to the long room where father and daughter stood. "My lord," he said, "I can truthfully report to Major

Pitcairn that the man I seek is not here."

At the name of Pitcairn Lady Christine's face paled a little; her father turned his back disdainfully. "Did Major Pitcairn expressly send you here?" she asked, obeying without reflection a sudden impulse to know.

"No; but although he retires from his command to-morrow he is still my superior officer."

Lord Balmeath still kept his back turned. "Pitcairn, my dear," he said to his daughter, "is a gentleman."

"We have a tryst, my lord," said Captain Arklay, and as Balmeath made no sign, he retired.

"What is the tryst, father?"

"Pshaw, the fellow speaks in parables. Do not heed him. I must release Grier."

In the vault Grier was found sitting incongruously, but with most soldier-like patience, on the little table, from which he had pushed aside the embroidered cloth. Lord Balmeath frowned for an instant, but recovering himself said: "Well, sergeant, the danger is over. It was your good friend Arklay. I have tided you over this difficulty, and if you still wish to go, the way will be free by nightfall. But I have taken up your quarrel with the fellow, and we meet in the morning; and I propose, by your leave, that you shall attend me."

"Explain, my lord," said Grier.

"Why, it is quite clear. You did my daughter and me a service, for which they would have you. I say to Arklay you are not in the house; he doubts my word. I take your action upon me, and say you trussed him up with good cause; he takes offence, and I offer him a gentleman's satisfaction. The meeting is for to-morrow morning at four in the East Chapelshade, after the dance at Lord Denmuir's.

The House by the Howff.

91

Why, sergeant, it is the roystering days back again."

"My lord, you must pardon me, but I decline you for a champion. You have a daughter, and shall take no quarrel of mine upon you. I will go now and give myself up."

"By my faith, Grier, but you disappoint me. Tush, man; is it fear for me? Think you a turncoat Whig can bear down Balmeath's sword? No; the quarrel is past you."

"By your leave, my lord, I say it is not; and for your daughter, if you will not hear of yourself, I will surrender."

"Has it come to that?" His lordship took fire. "Then, sir, I tell you, you shall not budge from here, and if you will not second me, by heavens, I'll fight alone."

"My lord, you speak wild. I'll yield to no man in honour, but I am not of the quality to mix in gentry quarrels, nor no fit subject for risk of such blood. Let me go."

"I say you shall not. My honour is in the thing."

"Honour, my lord? Your honour lies in your name, and your daughter's future. You are over sixty, my lord,

and to-day I saw a maid's thrust get within your guard. It needs but little chance that you shall fare the same with Captain Arklay."

"Pah, sergeant, your reasons smell of the ranks. Leave honour to me."

"My lord," answered Grier in a thick voice, "there is no man but you alive dare say that word to me."

"Your hand, James! I did you wrong; I was angry. But on this matter of Arklay and me, no more. Your surrender would not mend it now. It is dinner-time; come and share what we have; and no word of this to my daughter." He went towards the door, and then turning, said: "What think you of this for a retiring-place, James? There are noble bones beneath this floor, and outside lie the town's dead. We think of mortality all day, and it has come to this that my most comfortable thoughts are those I find in this mouldy place. The old monks that of yore inhabited this ground are gone; their house, save this old vault, is down; but sometimes I seem to hear an echo of their psalms by night that bears me half into the other world."

(To be continued.)

NELSON AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.¹

It is on the face of it somewhat surprising that among all the great captains of history, there should only be one admiral, and that he should have come at the very end, when the sea-wars were drawing to a conclusion, at any rate for a time; and yet that is the case. Putting aside the great generals who have also been rulers of States, Alexander, Cæsar, Gustavus, Adolphus, Frederick, and Napoleon, as being too mighty for comparison, what admiral can we class with Belisarius, Gonsalvo de Cordova, Turenne, Marlborough, or Wellington? Nelson, and nobody else. Nowadays, when the Sea Power is in everybody's mouth, denial is to be expected. Nothing looks simpler than to say that we ought to place Doria, Tromp, De Ruyter, Blake, Hawke, Rodney, Suffren, and Hood by the side of these chiefs. They did not need less clear heads or stout hearts, and their work was not the less vital. Not seldom it was the case that but for them the general would never have found the chance to act. But, however sound the reply may be as doctrine, it is open to the retort that try as we please we cannot class the admiral with the general. He remains vague and remote to us, however hard we may try to realise him. Hood, by virtue of his savage scorn, Rodney, by a few traits, not always pleasant, Collingwood, through his intense, if rather narrow affections, approach human reality; but Shovell, Rooke,

Haddock, Pocock, Boscawen, Cornwallis, are mere shadows of great names, and even those whose lives have been written at large, Anson, Howe, Jervis, Saumarez, Exmouth, remain mere officers.

For this there are sufficient reasons. The seclusion of the sea-life, which bound them in a circle of purely professional interests, and sent them back into the world with a certain inability to get out of their trade, accounts for much. The quality of sea-warfare, too, must be allowed for. It is a great game in itself, and its consequences are mighty; but it is to the war on land, what draughts is to chess. There is not the variety in the moves nor in the power of the pieces. A certain superiority of skill allows of a more sweeping and instant victory. You may have the equivalent at sea of the campaign of Italy in 1797, or of Napoleon's irruption into Spain in 1808, but hardly of the Peninsular War, or of the invasion of Russia. A limited number of floating forts which professional skill only can handle, are the pieces in the hands of the admiral. As St. Cyr said, that is the advantage he has over the general, but it brings with it these limitations,—that his work is less intelligible to the world at large, and then that it does not call for the same range of qualities, the same adaptation of means to ends, the same constant modifications of movement imposed on the soldier by the mountain, river, marsh, weather, or spirit of the inhabitants. So it is not an equal training for the man,

¹ THE LIFE OF NELSON, THE EMBODIMENT OF THE SEA POWER OF GREAT BRITAIN; by Captain A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., United States Navy. In two volumes; London, 1897.

and as the admiral lives apart, having no serious conflict except with skill akin to his own, there is less to bring him out of his profession.

We must take into account all that he had to break through, if we wish to estimate fairly what it was that enabled Nelson to become the figure he was in his own time, and has remained. It was not merely the greatness of his achievements which caused him to stand apart. None of his fighting was better than Hawke's victory at Quiberon, or than Hood's daring attack on Grasse at the Basseterre of St. Kitts. He never surpassed the courage of mind and of heart which inspired Jervis to fight the battle of St. Vincent. Take all the circumstances together,—the rawness of the English fleet after ten years of peace and want of practice, the still unbroken spirit of the enemy, the great age of the admiral—and the battle of the 1st of June does not seem in any way inferior to the Nile or Trafalgar. In its consequences it was not less great, for it was the foundation of all that followed. Moreover, there was an originality in the plan of battle which was never excelled by Nelson. When Lord Howe ordered his fleet to break through the enemy, he ruined the old hidebound tradition of the line of battle, the pedantry which subordinated the duty of doing your best to gain the victory, to the observance of certain hard and fast rules. That what Howe aimed at was better done by his successors is true, but they handled a finer weapon (partly perfected by him); they began where he left off, and it has to be proved that they would have begun at all without his example. Moreover, they fought an inferior enemy on easier conditions. Howe had to force on the

battle by days of skilful manoeuvring, at the end of which his enemy was in good order and confident. At the Nile his opponent gave Nelson an unparalleled opportunity; and at Trafalgar the allies were so poor in skill that the simple operation of wearing (turning round) to bring their heads to point to Cadiz, threw them into confusion. But the majority of his countrymen would not be ashamed to ask who Howe was, and what he did, while there is nobody but knows of Nelson. It was much that the Nile shut up Napoleon in Egypt for a time, and that Trafalgar put an end for ever to the fear of invasion. That would account for the estimate of his own generation, but as we draw away from it, there ought to be a chance for others. We might now at least begin to remember that the victories of Camperdown and St. Vincent also saved us from invasion, and that they came in a very dark hour for England; yet who remembers Camperdown, or more of St. Vincent than Nelson's share in it? But as for him there is not a nursery that does not know his name. More and more it is the case that the naval glory of England centres in Nelson. The navy itself hardly cares to remember any other of its chiefs. And surely this is unjust. Let us allow that he is entitled to more fame than others; but should Eclipse be first, and the next be nowhere, when the running was, after all, not so much better?

In truth, however, the answer is sufficiently easy, though it is by no means always made. A hero's fame depends a great deal less on what he did than on what he was. It is the "deliveries of a man's self which have no name," but which modern pseudo-scientific cant calls "magnetic force," which in the long run assigns his place.

There have been many greater captains than Bayard, but *le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* is famous, and they are forgotten. It is character which preserves a man's memory. Without that there is no biography to be made of him, and what is called by the name is only part of the general history of his time taken out of its context. Now, it is with Nelson that he was a character, and that as few men have been. Those who knew him did not have to wait till his achievements had revealed his power. Hood recognised him at once when he was still only a very young captain of a frigate, promoted by the favour of Sir Peter Parker, who again loved him for his own sake, and pushed him on though his influential uncle, the Comptroller of the Navy, was dead, and there was no base interest to be served by showing him kindness. The Duke of Clarence, no wizard, saw through the oddity of his appearance into the force and loveliness of the man. Collingwood, not given to sentiment nor naturally disposed to worship others, "venerated" him while he was only captain of the *Boreas*. Sir Gilbert Elliot, who had known Fox, Burke, Pitt, and all the great society of his time, is as much his admirer as any of the naval witnesses, Codrington, Duff, Hoste, or Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and that long before the battle of St. Vincent, when Nelson was only captain of the *Agamemnon* in the early Corsican days. There was that in him which would have made his life worth reading if he had never fought a battle, but had had by him a Loyal Serviteur, or a biographer with a tithe of Boswell's faculty.

He has not wanted for biographers, and in one he has been very fortunate. We have even what is better in the shape of a fragment of autobiography of inestimable value. It ends before the great part of his life began, but

it reveals the whole man, with his passion to be first, the burning desire to do thoroughly what came to his hand, and to do better than others, which is called zeal, his faculty for concentrated effort, and his manifest, but not essentially malignant vanity. From that fragment alone it would have been possible to foresee that he was one who, if emotion misled him, would be capable of enormous folly, but who never could become really base, not even if he did things base in themselves, because he would not act on a sordid motive. The temptation to wish that the fragment had been carried on till the renewal of the war after the peace of Amiens is very strong, but to yield to it would be foolish. Not even Nelson could have told the true story of the years between the repulse at Teneriffe and the last command in the Mediterranean, candid as he was, and openly as he paraded before the world what other men conceal. He could not have told us about Emma Hamilton, and without her there is no possible telling of the story which shall be honest. We have to trust his letters, and his biographers.

The earlier biographers of Nelson may be divided into two classes. There are those who wrote of him because he was a great captain, and there are those who wrote of him because of Emma Hamilton. One memoir appeared in his lifetime written by Charnock, the compiler of the *BIOGRAPHIA NAVALIS* and the author of a history of Naval Architecture. Charnock was a rather pathetic figure, who knew by experience what "ills the scholar's life assail." He worked from hand to mouth, doing the day's task to meet the day's need, and seems to have died miserably; and it was his misfortune that he could not write in any other than the mechanical sense.

Then there is a short life by Allen, the compiler of a useful book called *THE BATTLES OF THE BRITISH NAVY*. Another was written by the Old Sailor, M. H. Barker, who lives not by this, but by "beauties not his own," and because some other text of his is bound up with plates by Cruikshank. These are not bad books; they are even respectable pieces of work, quite modest, and solid. But it has been so arranged in this world that subject will never save any book, but only the virtue of being well written; and it is all but the sole merit of these lives that they are about Nelson. His family felt that a worthy biography of their hero was called for, all the more because Emma was early in the field. They set about supplying the want with the usual intelligence of executors. There were two things they could do which were both legitimate. They might have published the Admiral's letters and papers in their possession, together with such as were given them, in chronological order and with honest editing. If they had taken this course they would have produced one of those compilations which the student uses with gratitude, and the rest of the world leaves unread, but mentions with respect. The other course was to remember that to the making of every work of art there goes an artist, and to have chosen somebody who would write a book, seeing that a book was to be written. What the Nelson family did was to call in Dr. Clarke and Mr. McArthur, the first an ex-chaplain, the second an ex-paymaster in the Navy, the joint editors of *THE NAVAL CHRONICLE*. A bargain was made by which the family supplied papers, McArthur brought the naval knowledge, and Dr. Clarke the style. The first and second discharged their parts of the contract, and so did the third in his

way, which was that of a person intent on being literary in spite of Minerva. There is a placid breath of platitude in the doctor, a solid faith in the copy-book heading, which are almost great. "Let," so he ends a chapter with the emphasis of italics, "Let the anxious and too irritable disposition of naval officers, therefore, learn from the subsequent achievements of this illustrious seaman, never to despair; for as the wise man said, *To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the sun.*" One more quotation must be made, for it illustrates with singular perfection the art of sinking in biography: "It is extremely interesting to contemplate this great man, when removed from the busy scenes in which he had borne so distinguished a part, to the remote village of Burnham Thorpe. His mind though so entirely taken from its proper element and sphere of action, could not remain unoccupied. He was soon, therefore, engaged, and with considerable zeal, in cultivating his father's garden, &c." If Dr. Clarke had only been a solemn ass writing a watery version of the gentlemanly-moral eighteenth century style, no great harm would have been done, and some innocent merriment might have been caused. But he was unfortunately not quite honest. His correspondence with Captain Foote of the Seahorse, who felt constrained to vindicate his conduct in the Bay of Naples from the reflection thrown on it by a passage in one of Nelson's letters, leaves the impression that Clarke was somewhat shift. He certainly had very loose ideas as to his rights as an editor, and thought it a part of his bargain to supply style that he should correct Nelson's. Thus a book, which never could have been more than a shapeless compilation, is untrustworthy into the bargain. Yet the pair supply a useful quarry

to the artist who knows how to use his materials. McArthur at least knew the naval life, and had means of getting well-founded stories of Nelson, while the family supplied information as well as papers.

Emma Hamilton had made haste to profit by what she had to tell the world of the Admiral and of herself. Nor is she to be blamed for that. Nelson had justified her by permission and example. His death left her in a very precarious position, made worse by the profuse habits which he had encouraged. He had bequeathed her to the nation, and the Government had declined to receive her as a *damnosa hereditas*. Nothing remained but to prove to the world by means of a biography that if the hero was great, he owed much to his "dear friend." Emma Hamilton's manner of doing what in its way was natural enough, hardly justifies Sir Gilbert Elliot's description of her as a clever creature. She employed one James Harrison, a very inferior Dr. Clarke, to write a life, and he, under the combined influence of his own incompetence and the directions of Emma, produced one of the most nauseous of known books. There is a profuse servility about Harrison, a constant ducking and cringing, which are offensive enough, but that is the least bad quality of his work. He was the mere mouthpiece of the vanity, mendacity, and spite of the woman who employed him. It was his part to help the mistress to insult the wife, and if he had not been prepared to play that part he would not have been employed.

In a fortunate moment for literature the compilation of Clarke and McArthur, together with Harrison's hack-work and lesser things, were put into Southey's hands for *THE QUARTERLY REVIEW* in 1810. From that article came, three years later, the

biography which all the world knows. The professional critic has faults of his own to find with it, but he not infrequently has the misfortune to be himself a deplorably bad judge of a book. It is not necessary to vindicate this *Life of Nelson* now. When a man speaks of the *Life of Nelson* without further detail, he is understood to mean Southey's. That alone has taken its place among the books which are books, and not among the *biblia abiblia*. Southey may possibly have given too much credit to Emma Hamilton. As he started from the supposition that Nelson was not entirely foolish, and as he had the codicil before him to show what the Admiral believed of the woman, it was hard to reject her tales as wholly unfounded. If there is no truth in all this, what a silly man Nelson must have been, was probably what Southey said to himself, and those who reject Emma's claims wholly have yet to explain how they hope to escape the necessity of sitting on the other horn of the dilemma.

Between 1844 and 1846 Sir Harris Nicolas published the well-known *Letters and Despatches*. It was a kind of work for which that careful antiquary and honest editor was well fitted. He did it as thoroughly as was possible, considering that some papers were denied to him, and that he was compelled to take sophisticated versions of others because the originals had passed into the hands of Dr. Clarke and could not be recovered. Everything, it might seem, was now done that was necessary. Sir Harris Nicolas had superseded every life of Nelson except Southey's, which had those artistic qualities which no mere information can ever supersede. And if one condition had been fulfilled, nothing more need have been done, pending the coming of the new biographer who should justify his

existence by ideas and style. If the Hamilton papers had fallen into the hands of somebody with sufficient decency to burn them, the world could have waited. But this did not happen. As early as 1814 a number of Nelson's letters to Emma were published; Sir Harris Nicolas says that they owed their appearance "to the distresses of the unfortunate woman" to whom they were addressed, and it is another version of the story that they were stolen by Harrison, and printed by his enterprise. The whole mass survived, and has been privately printed by Mr. Morrison. In the meantime, books had been based on these papers. First came Mr. T. J. Pettigrew, in 1849, with his *MÉMOIRS*. Of the work of Mr. Pettigrew it must be candidly confessed that it has no excuse for its existence except the fact that he had access to the Hamilton papers. He could not write, had no conception of building a book beyond letting his facts and quotations come trooping one after the other like geese on a common, had no taste for the active heroic side of such a life of Nelson's, and no understanding of sea-affairs. That he had something to say about Emma is his sole justification; and it is a very poor one. The essential facts, which are that Nelson loved her in the full human sense of the word and believed himself to be the father of Horatia, must have been obvious as early as 1805, or earlier, to everybody with the intellect of a moderate sized rabbit, since, if it were not so, then Nelson's conduct in regard to his wife, and to the whole world, was not only without excuse, but without explanation. Mr. C. Jeaffreson, the author of *THE REAL LORD BYRON* and *THE REAL SHELLEY*, has founded two other books on these same papers, but it is a good rule to abstain from criticising a contemporary except

when his work is one's direct subject. For that reason, as also because space must not be exhausted, and Captain Mahan's new *Life* is the subject on hand, nothing need be said of Mr. Lathom Brown or Mr. Clark Russell, or Mr. Laughton,—which does not imply that there is not much good to be said.

Nelson's fame has indeed won him biographers outside of his own country. There is not, so far as I know, any critical study of the least importance of any other English admiral in French, but *LES GUERRES MARITIMES, DU CONSULAT ET DE L'EMPIRE* of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, was long the best, and is still one of the best of the estimates of Nelson. The title is somewhat misleading, and was perhaps adopted out of regard to French susceptibilities. Perhaps M. de la Gravière wished to avoid shocking his countrymen, and concealed his panegyric of Nelson, for it is that or little less, under a comfortably loose title. But after all it is a biography of Nelson in which the love-story is neglected. There is also a *Life* of him in French by a M. Forgues, only worth mentioning as showing what a permanent impression he made on the people he hated. That may be neglected, but M. de la Gravière cannot, if only because in addition to the blessed French faculty for making things clear, he points out, as few English authors care to do, how much of Nelson's work was done to his hand by the ruin of the French Navy in the Revolution.

This survey, which does not profess to be exhaustive, but only to note the summits of Nelson's province in literature, and of them only what is properly biographical, for we should have to travel widely if we went beyond that to Lord Tennyson's verse and Mr. Blackmore's *SPRINGHAVEN*, does at least prove how firmly the great

Admiral took hold of the imaginations of men. Neither Marlborough nor Wellington is remembered as he has been, and if we look at the whole story the explanation is simple enough. It does not lie in the achievements, which not to repeat what has been said already, want the continuity, the wide scope, the infinite variety, of the careers of those two great soldier-statesmen. It is to be found in this, that more than either of them, more indeed than any fighter in history, he is to all of us, another human being, a brother man, so candid in revelations of his inner self, so eager to give and win affection, so brave, so simple, so heroic, so erring, that we know him, not as if we had met him, which, seeing how mysterious we are to one another is little, but as we know Falstaff, or Bradwardine, or Colonel Newcome. The little comedy with the telescope at Copenhagen, planned for no profound purpose, for there was none to be served by an act which can only have been visible to the two or three officers immediately about him, and by words they only could hear, was precisely one of those symbolical gestures which tell their own tale and fix themselves in the general memory. His mere pride in his own courage, which made him tell the whole world how pleased he was with himself for his intrepid behaviour in the fight with the Spanish gunboat, has something engaging. Here is a man who asks us to applaud him as naturally as a child might, and we applaud, with more or less unconscious thanks to him for seeking our good will. Nelson takes our admiration as a gift. Wellington receives it as a right with the air of one to whom it is indifferent. Therefore it went to him with respect, but to Nelson with love. For the Duke there was a deep tenderness which a very terrible wound could bring to the surface now and then.

Who does not remember the passion of sorrow over the slaughter in the breach at Badajoz, and the scene when the news of Gordon's death was brought to him on the morning after Waterloo? These moments of human emotion are awful in the Duke, but there is nothing in Nelson which inspires awe. Unlike most vain men he preferred to see others favourably, to make the most of them, to credit them with all good qualities. Every vanity, even the kindest, is liable to become sour. Now and then there are little aberrations in Nelson, as when he refused to atone for his real unfairness to Sir William Parker in the account of the battle of St. Vincent, or when he hurried to snub Duncan's not unnatural complacency over his victory at Camperdown, by telling him to make haste to profit by it, for that greater things would soon be done. Yet there are few such stories told of him, and both these belong to the time when he was suffering from his wound at Teneriffe. If he asked for affection, which some may think weak, he gave it in ample measure, and that not foolishly, but where it was deserved, and where it fell as good seed on fit soil to bear its fruit in that zeal and valour which his followers never failed to show. In the cockpit of the *Victory*, when the end had come, his last words to man were appeals for affection and for sympathy; "Kiss me, Hardy," and "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner." And how much of his fame with all of us is due to that sin? It is hard to go beyond respect when one sees only the worker and the work, but not the man. That Nelson could ever been as remote from us as many other valiant fighters have been is not to be believed, even if there had been no Emma; but assuredly he would not be the familiar friend he is if it were not for the love-story. He

was not a great captain, because he did this universal human thing, foolishly, even a little ignobly if you please, but passionately with his whole heart and soul. Yet because of it he is the nearest to us of all great captains. "Love is ever matter of comedies," said Lord Bacon; in other words, of that which aims at showing character; and when we see a "great and worthy person transported to the mad degree of Love," we may be shocked, but at any rate we see a man, and not a bundle of heroic qualities doing work, which spectacle may be infinitely respectable, but is somewhat misty.

In Nelson's life, then, there is the very stuff of biography, and if any proof were wanted of so evident a truth, it is supplied by these two volumes of Captain Mahan's. No doubt there is much in them which may be called professional,—explanations of the cause of success and failure in war, the drawing and application of morals, and so forth; but all this the author had done already in his *INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND THE EMPIRE*. He can, at the outside, only do it over again with more detail and not much more, for Nelson was so busy in the naval part of that great struggle, that little of first-rate importance happened out of his field of action. What remained for him to do was to take Nelson, and following him step by step, show how his nature worked, and why the event was shaped by the character. No one should have doubted that Captain Mahan was fitted for the task. Even in his two general histories he always showed a certain biographical faculty. He never forgot that a man works according to his temperament, and that if the action was so, it was because the man was thus. The Life of Farragut, a true biography so far as

the simplicity of the subject allowed, for there was no great play of character in the Federal Admiral, proved that Captain Mahan could deal with more if it came to his hand. It was inevitable that he should in time reach Nelson, the dominating figure of the history of war at sea.

On that subject Captain Mahan would be allowed by all to speak with exceptional authority. His *INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER ON HISTORY* seems to have been a genuine revelation to many people. It is true that the principles had been understood and acted on for centuries. Captain Mahan may very well not know that the whole doctrine had been very tersely and forcibly stated in the seventeenth century by a Spanish writer named Saavedra Fajardo, who again founded himself on the advice given by Charles the Fifth to Philip the Second; but he did know that they had been practically acted on by the English Government, and drew his examples mainly from our naval history. This was perfectly legitimate, since it is the business of the critic to deduct the principles from the works of the masters, and it was Captain Mahan's merit, not his luck, that previous naval historians had been mere chroniclers, who recorded events with no other connection than the chronological. If they left, as they well might, the impression that what happened at sea took place by mere accident, so much the more was it well done in him to show that here also there is a relation of cause and effect, and whatever is, "hath some operation not violent or casual." If he profited by the fact that the world was struck by his phrase, *Sea Power*, and also that his first book appeared just as we were plunging, not for the first, nor yet the twentieth time, into a naval panic, this was reasonable good fortune. Given that the doc-

trine and the exposition are sound, a writer is entitled to all the incidental luck he may meet. If *Sea Power* is becoming a cant phrase, together with those comforting words *strategy* and *tactics*, the fault does not lie with Captain Mahan, but in the incorrigible confidence of mankind in magical formulas.

The expectation that Captain Mahan would write a good life of Nelson was well founded, and it has not been disappointed. So much cannot be said of the other expectation that he would show us a Nelson differing in some remarkable way, in thoughtfulness, in wide political sagacity, and generally speaking in intellectual force, from the simple and passionate hero drawn by Southey. Of course he was to include this; but he was also to prove that the "exponent of *Sea Power*" was even such another as Gustavus or Frederick. Now, this gives occasion to say something which is very much to Captain Mahan's honour as a biographer, and it is this, that he would clearly very much like to present us with this new Nelson. As a sailor and as a writer on war at sea he has a very natural wish to show that the naval leader had all that the greatest chiefs of armies ever possessed. Now and then he goes so far as to say everything was there, or came in due time; but he is not content with making the round assertion and passing on; he sets about to prove, and the moment he does that and finds himself dealing with words or conduct, he never distorts or colours, but gives his evidence fairly and draws the deduction with no regard to anything except truth and right reasoning. The result is that the Nelson pictured in these two volumes does not differ in any single essential particular from the Nelson pictured by Southey in 1813. We see here in greater detail exactly the same man, vehement in love and hate, a

born fighter, who given a French fleet in front of him would attack at once with judgment and not blindly, but who outside of his own profession, was apt to be the typical headlong sailor, and when he had to look beyond some immediate piece of work, does not give any signal proofs of superiority. Among great captains he belongs to the race of the Prince of Condé and Massena, the fighters of battles, rather than to the other class of Marlborough and Wellington, the planners of great combinations, to whom the battle is a means to an end. With Nelson it came, as nearly as it can with any one who has a claim to be called a great captain at all, to being an end in itself.

Now and then we are reminded that Captain Mahan is not only a naval officer, but also a lecturer at the United States Naval School. There are little touches of something rather pedantic, such as expressions of what seems regret that Nelson had never been to schools where the doctrines are expounded. It is a little odd to find him writing: "Nelson had no mastery of the terminology of war—he never talked about strategy and little about tactics—but though without these valuable aids to precision of thought, he had pondered, studied, reasoned, and he had besides what is given to few, real genius and insight." It would have been strange if Nelson had used the word *strategy*, seeing that as yet it had not occurred to anybody as necessary to make a new word for generalship and the art of war, out of a Greek original. St. Cyr would never use it, because he could not see what new meaning it contained, and Napier passed it with suspicion. Terminology, too, is by no means in itself a valuable aid to precision of thought, though it may be a useful instrument. Captain Mahan has only to look at his news-

papers to see how often those valuable aids, strategy and tactics, are mere parrot phrases, or the pompous garment which covers sheer confusion of thought. Does the terminology of war, too, amount to more than the names which criticism has put on the acts of genius and insight? Captain Mahan, when the question is fairly put to him, will no doubt acknowledge that it does not, and indeed he recognises that Nelson had those gifts which no man can win for himself by taking thought, and was a great captain because of them; but there are scattered indications of a leaning to over-rate the value of instruction in the making of a fighter. It comes out in such a passage as this:

This anticipation [to wit, that Napoleon would turn from destroying the Austrians in Lombardy to make a rash attack on Corsica], in its disregard of the perfectly obvious conditions, was scarcely worthy of Nelson's real native sagacity, and shows clearly how much a man, even of genius, is hampered in the conclusions of actual life by the lack of that systematic ordering and training of the ideas which it is the part of education to supply. Genius is one thing, the acquirements of an accomplished—instructed—officer are another, but there is between the two nothing incompatible, rather the reverse; and when to the former, which nature alone can give—and to Nelson did give—is added the conscious recognition of principles, the practised habit of viewing under their clear light all the circumstances of a situation, assigning to each its due weight and relative importance; then, and then only, is the highest praise of military greatness attained. Whether in natural insight Nelson fell short of Napoleon's measure, need not here be considered; that he was at this time far inferior, in the powers of a trained intellect, to his younger competitor in the race for fame, is manifest by the readiness with which he accepted such widely eccentric conjectures as that of an attempt upon Leghorn at the opening of the campaign, and now upon Corsica by a great part, if not the whole army of Italy.

Now, when Nelson made this "eccentric conjecture" (here by the way is an example of what the constant indulgence in terminology does for a writer, but there will be a word or two to say of Captain Mahan's still later,) he was just on forty. He had been in the Mediterranean for four years engaged in combined operations of fleets and armies. If experience had not taught him how improbable it was that an intelligent enemy would turn from the more important, profitable, and feasible, to attempt the less, at great hazard, would he have learned it from lectures at any naval college? St. Cyr and Napoleon, who knew what they were talking about, agreed in the course of a conversation at Dresden in 1813, that neither teaching nor experience had any effect on a general, but that a man fought to the end as he began, according to his innate faculty and his temperament. Once allow that Nelson was just a seaman and fighter of battles on sea, and his "eccentric conjecture" becomes perfectly explicable. He saw everything through his own profession, and under the influence of a desire that something should be going on in which he could take part. Beyond that he did not see. Indeed, until he had absolutely to decide on a line of conduct there is no evidence in Nelson's considerable mass of correspondence of that "pondering" with which Captain Mahan credits him. He had served as lieutenant and captain in the American War of 1778-83. There was enough there, more especially in the York Town campaign, to excite pondering in a man given to thinking out principles. We have letters of his of that time, some written to his old captain, Locker, with whom it would have been natural to discuss such matters. Yet he does not, and as he was very ready to use his pen with candour, something would have come out if

much had been in his mind. And this kind of limitation remained with him to the end. Captain Mahan, with his habitual honesty, acknowledges that when Nelson returned to Naples after the battle of the Nile, he committed a folly by egging on the unlucky King to his premature attack on the French. It was not the kind of mistake a man would have made who was capable of looking at more than just what was before his eyes,—or at that, except as it were in terms of his own trade. He wanted to “down” the French, and to do that must get at them. If the English fleet could do it, why not Naples? Because they were very different things, which Nelson could see well enough at times, but from which he failed to draw the obvious deduction. Of course there remains this to be considered, that Nelson was then under the influence of two women. But that only calls for the same answer. Can mortal man figure to himself the Duke of Wellington as fighting a battle to save Ciudad Rodrigo under the influence of any Queen of Naples, or any Emma Hamilton, when defeat would ruin the whole cause and victory would bring no adequate gain? The thing is not credible.

These examples are chosen from the time of inexperience, or of delusion; but years later we see the same man at work, when after the renewal of the war in 1803, Nelson went out to command in the Mediterranean. The object was to prevent Napoleon from using the ships at Toulon. What he meant to do with them was obscure, but it was certain that he could do nothing if they were not allowed to get out. So Bickerton, who was in command till Nelson relieved him, appears to have thought, for he kept a close watch. Nelson drew the liners off to a distance, leaving frigates to observe the

harbour and report. Captain Mahan approves the decision, yet the result was that Villeneuve got out twice, and on both occasions was away before Nelson could come within striking distance of him. The result of the first sortie was to send the English fleet on a wild goose chase to Alexandria, though it was surely an “eccentric conjecture” that Napoleon, after his recent experience, would renew the Egyptian adventure with smaller forces and in other hands. Loss of spars, the sea-sickness of his crews, and his own want of heart, drove Villeneuve back; but again he got out, and this time he escaped to the Atlantic. It is difficult to see the wisdom of the course which gave the enemy a chance, but it is perfectly intelligible in view of Nelson’s letter to the Lord Mayor, denying that he had ever blockaded Toulon, and declaring that his aim was to tempt the enemy out in order to have a battle with him. A battle was certainly desirable, considering that the relative values of the fleets made victory as near as might be certain for us. But the method adopted did not secure the battle. Trafalgar was no consequence of Nelson’s measures in the Mediterranean. It came first because Villeneuve lost heart after his action with Calder and went south, and then because he rushed out of Cadiz in a spasm of wounded vanity on hearing that Rosilly was coming to supersede him, though he well knew that disaster must follow. It was not so that Salamanca and Vittoria came to Wellington. To say that Nelson would have imperilled the cause of his country for the mere sake of a battle would be stupidly unjust; yet he loved the fight for itself, and to get it would, unconsciously, perhaps, but very really, risk letting the enemy get away to make mischief elsewhere. Like all other men, he fell on the side

to which he leaned. He was, once more, first and foremost a fighter of battles, and, happily for England, this was precisely the man we wanted, when our own navy had been steadily improving for sixty years, when our enemy, never at his best our full equal in quality, had been cowed by disorganisation and defeat.

This is the Nelson we actually see in Captain Mahan's book, though we may be told from time to time that there was another, and it is the greatest merit of a biographer that however he may wish to represent his hero he never falsifies his evidence. To ask our author to abstain from magnifying his office as the expounder of the Sea Power would be unreasonable, though one is tempted to ask, for instance, why "Moscow and Waterloo are the evitable consequences" of Trafalgar. Was it the Sea Power, or his growing mania for working on the grand scale which induced Napoleon to take twice as many men to Russia as he could feed? Was it the Sea Power which gave the Russians the courage to desert and burn their holy city, and so starve their invaders out? Again, though it is intelligible enough that Napoleon having a maniacal determination to bring England down, and being unable to fight her at sea, was driven to make himself master of the continent in order to be able to exclude her trade and so ruin her, yet it does not follow that the course he took was inevitable. For instance, he need not have played the strange part, compounded of swindler, burglar, and common bully, which he assumed towards Spain. He might have supported Ferdinand; he might have accepted that very detestable person's wish to marry into the imperial family and have so acquired entire control of Spain. In that case there would have been no Peninsular war, and

without the Duke and his army there would have been no Waterloo. What Captain Mahan should have said was, that all the other conditions, including the characters of Napoleon, and his Empire, and the peoples of Spain and Russia, being as they were, the overwhelming superiority of the British Navy, shown to the full by Nelson, was one of the more important of the causes which led to the final downfall of "the Child of Democracy." But then we must allow for the natural partiality of every teacher of a dogma, and also it is the case that if Captain Mahan had recognised all the other causes in work, he would not equally have pleased the large class of persons who like a nice, simple, cut-and-dried explanation of everything, and who therefore hug a convenient phrase. Still, for those who can think for themselves, it is always possible to make these reservations. As for those who cannot, why for them *nulla est retentio*, as Sancho Panza would have said. There is no holding them in. They must be allowed to go on repeating their shibboleth, and abounding in the sense of their doctor, till somebody comes along with a new formula and draws them off.

When that happens, as it no doubt will before long, we shall still have a very good life of Nelson which will always be worth reading, not because it shows us "the embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain" (whatever that may mean) but because it does give a very creditable picture of an Englishman one is always pleased to look at. Captain Mahan,—a slight touch of the schoolmaster, and a pardonable tinge of the dogmatist being allowed for—is always on the side of the angels, that is to say in agreement with common sense. His treatment of Emma Hamilton is excellent; not prudish nor priggish,

neither denying what of foolish, and even vulgar there is in the story, nor shrinking from saying that it is at least made tolerable by the reality and vehemence of the passion. The Neapolitan episode is not less well told. Captain Mahan comes to the sane conclusion as to Nelson's action in the matter of the execution of Caracciolo, which put briefly is that it was at the best a piece of indecent violence excusable only by his hatred of Jacobins. On the business of the capitulation of the forts Captain Mahan is less decided, and indeed leaves the rights and wrongs rather in the air. He quotes a despatch from Sir William Hamilton, written on the 14th of July, within less than a month after the whole transaction had taken place, which confirms in every detail the charges brought against Nelson by the Jacobins, and by Colletta in his *HISTORY OF NAPLES*. Captain Mahan disputes the accuracy of the English minister, but the fact remains that these tales were *not* the subsequent inventions of the Jacobins. Moreover, one finds oneself asking how, if Sir William went wrong about so public an event, which happened before his eyes within thirty days of the time he was writing, we are to take it for granted that Emma Hamilton's claims are disposed of because they do not square with his despatches, though they were based on alleged services which were from their nature secret. Captain Mahan has far too good an understanding of what constitutes evidence to doubt the truth of the story that Nelson disobeyed orders at Copenhagen.

These disputed points, simply because they do allow of debate, have the power to lead us aside from what is the essential thing in Nelson's life, namely, that he was a fighter in a warlike time, and that his victories had great effects for England and for

Europe. But who has ever denied this? Who has ever said that he was not a great fighter of battles? A biographer has nothing to do here except to explain a little more fully than others have done how they were fought, and what consequences they had. There was not much, indeed, after his own previous work, there may be said to have been nothing left for Captain Mahan to do. He can only tell the story of St. Vincent (which Nelson may be said to have seized in the middle, and made his own), of the Nile, of Copenhagen, and of Trafalgar over again, keeping always by the hero's side, and showing us how much it was all his work. In that which is the bulk of his book there is no call to differ from Captain Mahan. Beyond all question, the Nelson he draws in the stress of battle is the credible one, always straining to be first, fiery in his zeal, but taking in all the circumstances, and therefore never really rash, and detecting by intuition the weakness of the enemy on whom he then rushes. We may demur a little when we are asked to rank those fights with the very highest things in war. But, given what had to be done, nobody was ever better qualified to do it than Nelson, and that for reasons which Captain Mahan shows well. No chief ever lived who was less to be daunted by the bare show of strength, was more contemptuous of mere bulk, was less tolerant of sloth and half measures. Those would have been fine qualities against any enemy, but they were pre-eminently effective against the inefficient enemies he had to fight. It is quite possible to make too much of his skilful dispositions, to concentrate superior forces on the hostile line, and so forth. What he did at the Nile would have been done by any capable officer except in the dead pedantic years of the eighteenth century, while

by Trafalgar it had come to this, that it did not greatly matter how the English went into battle, provided they only got in. His memoranda issued during the pursuit of Villeneuve and before Trafalgar, were never applied; but the vehement energy of Nelson, and his faculty for inspiring it in others, can never be exaggerated.

A book being by the nature of things a piece of writing, the question how it is written has to be, if not settled, at least recognised, when we are considering its merits. Like the error of Nelson in regard to Napoleon's generalship in 1797, Captain Mahan's style is not quite worthy of his native sagacity. There is a certain looseness of fibre about his form which weakens the matter in the telling; and this has its counterpart in a certain redundancy of narrative. Thus, for instance, the story of Nelson's early cruise with Mr. John Rathbone is told twice over,—once by himself, once by Captain Mahan. When a style is loose it is always at its worst when there is an attempt to be eloquent. How willingly could one spare such sentences as these: "At each of these momentous crises, so far removed in time and place—at the Nile, at Copenhagen, at Trafalgar—as the unfolding drama of the age reveals to the onlooker the schemes of the arch-planner about to touch success, over

against Napoleon rises ever Nelson; and as the latter in the hour of victory drops upon the stage where he has played so chief a part, his task is seen to be accomplished, his triumph secured;" and, "May we not almost hear thundered back from the clouds which yet veiled the distant future of the Nile, the words, of which his thought was already pregnant, 'You may be assured I will bring the French fleet to action the moment I can lay my hands upon them'?" Captain Mahan is not without something of Napier's sense of the poetry of war, but he cannot get it expressed. It is all in solution, and struggles out incoherently. You never meet those sentences where two well-placed adjectives make a picture of which there are hundreds in Napier, nor an approach to that soaring descant on the grandeur of the soldier's art, which almost chants itself as the Duke's army pours down into the valley of Vittoria, sweeping down "Dubreton's thundering castle," and the whole edifice of French rule in Spain, by the mere wind of its march. But if you cannot do this, then it is so much better not to try. Captain Mahan has his own field. He can explain the causes and connections of naval things persuasively, and he can judge a man with insight and taste. One likes him best when he is doing that, and it is not little.

DAVID HANNAY.

AMERICANS AT PLAY.

TIME was, and that not so long ago, when the American sportsman, in his own country occupied an almost despicable position, while the athlete had practically no existence at all. We do not of course include in this statement the professional sportsman, who was outside public opinion, but refer only to the amateur of the North and East, who would fain have spent his leisure in field-sports, or in manly pastimes of a kindred nature. It would be impossible to fix with any precision the date of his emancipation from that half Puritan, half bourgeois thralldom, which is not easy for an Englishman even to imagine. Perhaps the Civil War, being a luminous landmark, might with sufficient accuracy be described as the beginning of a more respectable and sane attitude towards manly sports. It is not indeed so very long since the larger portion of commercial and manufacturing America regarded the individual who shot ducks or caught trout for amusement as a fool at the very best, and probably something worse. If this unwholesome superstition had been due in the main to honest Puritanism one might endeavour to temper one's disgust with some measure of respect. Most of us, at some period of our lives, have been brought in contact with people on whose grim creed every form of diversion jars; and their point of view we can at least understand, though we may not hanker after their company. But the Puritan tradition was the smaller ingredient of the old-fashioned Yankee's aversion to games and field-sports, the true root of which lay in a contempt for men who would divert one single hour from the righteous duty of amassing dollars.

These sentiments, to be sure, would have been decently clothed in moral platitudes, which must have had an odd flavour, coming from a class who set no particular limit to its cocktails, and not much more to its commercial conscience.

Whatever motives and whatever section of society formed public opinion in the Eastern cities thirty or forty years ago, it is quite certain that it looked askance at manly sports, and regarded them, not only as a waste of time, but as being first cousins to drunkenness and dissipation. The celebrated Anglo-American sportsman and author, Mr. Herbert (Frank Forester), spent the last twenty years of his life, so tragically ended by his own hand in 1858, in vehemently combating this monstrous and unwholesome prejudice. And it is partly this, no doubt, that makes the memory of that remarkable man so exceedingly dear to American sportsmen, who now fish and shoot with impunity, and even with repute. All is now changed indeed. A certain distrust of leisure and a distorted notion of the chief aim of life are still, we all know, conspicuous traits beyond the Atlantic, but at any rate they no longer control public opinion. There were exceptions, however, even in the dreary period we speak of. Harvard, and possibly one or two other universities, rowed in desultory fashion; the small cricketing coterie at Philadelphia, of which we shall have more to say, went on with its cricket; baseball was played to some extent; while even then there were brazen individuals in the Eastern cities whose love for gun and rod was stronger than

their fear of the narrow-minded bigotry which would hold them cheaper upon that account. Society has of course long ago flung the superstitions of its fathers to the four winds. What indeed those departed worthies, with their sombre broadcloth and expansive shirt-fronts, would think if they could see the doings of those who have inherited their fortunes and increased them, we dare not conjecture. The ways of the ancients, who looked askance at a Joe Manton and a pointer, and even blinked a little at the innocuous weapons of old Izaak, are changed indeed. How disheartening, too, must the change be to certain critics, who are for ever dilating on the emancipation of Americans from European influence, and as if to anticipate this millennium record their sentiments in emancipated English.

Distressing beyond a doubt, to a certain type of American patriot, are all these packs of foxhounds, these stables of hunters and polo ponies, these matches at football and at golf, these tournaments at lawn-tennis, that are now becoming part of the life of every well-to-do American in the older States and are rapidly spreading Westward. He may perhaps, after all, have to form his "ideal American" out of the Germans and Irish, whose recreations seldom run far beyond the beer-garden and the whiskey-saloon. It is quite certain that this recent awakening to the value of field-sports and games, which has so much added to the brightness of life beyond the Atlantic, has shown itself most powerfully among the genuine Americans, and the blood of the genuine American is chiefly British. The ill-conditioned and half-educated provincial, who just now predominates in the Senate Chamber, is precisely the type of man who will look with jaundiced eye on this wholesale importation of healthy customs from that island

which, effete though it may be according to his foolish jargon, seems, in fact, to haunt his very dreams with its threatening spectre.

A few years ago the American Press, with an eye, no doubt, to street popularity, used to ridicule people who followed the hounds or played lawn-tennis, or dressed in tweed suits, as Anglo-maniacs; and some rustic papers do so still. Now, however, these doings are chronicled in more serious and respectful fashion, for not only Society, but the most of the well-to-do class are being converted to wholesome ways. Hunting, coaching, and polo for the more wealthy, lawn-tennis, golf, football, and hockey for all, have taken firm root upon the soil, while shooting and fishing among the Eastern States have developed to an extent that has brought the question of game and its preservation to an acute phase. But we must leave field-sports alone, as being somewhat alien to the purpose of this paper, as well as too wide a subject for its limits. In connection, however, with the taste for country life that has developed among Americans, the evolution of the Country Club must not be passed over. These excellent institutions originated, we fancy, with the establishment of something like a social headquarters at the kennels of the various packs of hounds in the countries they hunted. Now, however, they have increased and multiplied exceedingly, and are to be found within reach of most of the large cities, though chiefly prevailing, as is natural, in the East. These societies have for their quarters luxurious and commodious mansions, usually situated in neighbourhoods where scenery and sport are available. Extensive stabling is, of course, a prominent part of the scheme, and large grounds, where every facility is provided for garden games, as well as for the inevitable golf. Four-in-hand

coaches are frequent visitors to these haunts of the sociable and gay, while that inscrutable person whose hobby is to assume the part of the professional coachman, has already made his appearance in the ranks of American fashion,—buttons, hat, lingo and all. Country life in private houses, too, on the English pattern, so far as the adaptation is possible, has become an accomplished fact. The territorial dignity is, of course, wanting; it is the life rather of further Surrey or the London end of Sussex or Hertfordshire, save that in America such neighbourhoods are actually found at a much greater distance from the cities. There may, or may not be, a few hundred acres of land attached to the American country house, upon which the owner plays at farming and breeds Jerseys or thorough-breds. But with these limitations a very fair reproduction of modern life in the English country house is achieved. Private theatricals, lawn-tennis, golf, riding and driving, with such sport as the neighbourhood offers, and occasionally the propinquity of a pack of hounds, make up an existence such as the last generation could not have even imagined. Nor is identity of costume lacking, for the somewhat elaborate and pronounced fashions that for the last decade or so have distinguished the Briton in mufti have been adopted in all their completeness by Americans of a certain class. There has been no tendency, so far as we know, to court a splendid isolation in this matter, or to attempt the territorial magnate on a large scale. For obvious reasons country house life in America collects in colonies, and is, as a rule, quite out of touch with the indigenous owners of the soil, who regard its ways with a mixture of amazement and awe, not wholly free from contempt. The Yankee farmer is not, indeed, promising material upon

which to experiment as a grand seigneur, nor are his wife and daughters of the sort that could be easily won over to a deferential attitude by favours conferred. The most startling development of the American country house, so far, must surely be the almost princely mansion which the Vanderbilts have lately built at the foot of the Blue Ridge, in North Carolina of all places! From what we know of the aborigines in that remote part of the world, we are inclined to think that their remarks, when they beheld a spectacle so inconceivable arise in their midst, would have been almost worth crossing the Atlantic to hear.

To come, however, more immediately to the question of pastimes other than field-sports, it has always seemed to us that the cricket of the Americans, as chiefly represented by a small group at Philadelphia, is much more remarkable than their achievements on the running-path or the river. These arenas have the whole nation, so to speak, to draw from, and the whole nation watches and applauds those that perform on them. But cricket has no hold whatever on popular sympathy, and no opportunity is neglected by a certain class of publication for ignorant ridicule of the finest of games; doubtless, because it is pre-eminently English. Even among the best class of athletic critics, who devote much space to golf and lawn-tennis, cricket gets but scant notice, and that too of the most unskilful kind. Perhaps it is this very sense of isolation and the rather exclusive traditions of Philadelphian cricket, that make their players so indefatigable and so spirited. Rowing has been for a long time quite a popular sport in America, and has immense natural advantages. But when Yale, the best University crew in the States, comes over to

England the whole country is in a transport of delight if they prove themselves a match for a single college from Oxford or Cambridge. When, however, eleven Philadelphians beat the Australians, as they have more than once done,—last year for example,—nobody seems to realise how incomparably greater a performance this is, than would be a victory of Yale over Trinity Hall, let us say, at Henley. As we have alluded to these particular contests by way of an illustration, any inference that such victories were won by superior merit must, of course, be disclaimed. The American cricketer, moreover, unlike some of his compatriots, is among the most modest of men, and would be the first to attribute such good fortune to the glorious uncertainty of his favourite game. He would, perhaps, admit, too, that the Australian, on his way home, is not quite so formidable as when strung up to the highest pitch, facing the full strength of all England at Lord's. But this, after all, is not the point. Whether a representative Philadelphian eleven, according to English standards is at the top of the second-class or at the bottom of first-class cricket, it is relatively of more remarkable merit, we venture to think, than even the teams Australia sends us. Its calibre seems to suggest that the American has really a genius for cricket, and that if he took to it seriously, there might be international contests at Lord's of an even more formidable nature than we now see. Hitherto the Philadelphian amateurs, who occasionally visit us and are coming this year, have been content to pit themselves against such teams as strong second-class or weak first-class counties. Considering the limited amount of material they have to

draw upon, this seems sufficiently creditable; but it must be further remembered that it has never yet been found possible to bring over a really representative eleven, and that soft wickets are especially trying to an amateur, and indeed to any team accustomed to fiery ones.

The existence of Philadelphia as the heart of American cricket is so peculiar that it seems to deserve some special remark. There is, we fancy, a common notion in England, and a very natural one, that some British element or other in the Quaker city has been the means of keeping the game so vigorous. Most of the other clubs in America, are, in fact, largely or wholly supported by Englishmen. Even the old St. George's Club of New York has owed a good deal of its varying strength to cricketers from this country. But the case with Philadelphia, and the group of clubs that cluster round it, is entirely different. Except for the ground-professionals, who of course are always imported, the game has been wholly supported for three or four generations by Americans. Both the patrons and players of cricket in Philadelphia have been chiefly drawn from the older and wealthier families of the city, who have made it their hobby and their pride, and kept it up through times when hardly a wicket was pitched elsewhere on the continent south of Canada. Cricketing fathers have produced cricketing sons, and taken a pride in bringing them up in the way they should go, a course which good wickets, resident professionals, and plenty of money, have greatly facilitated. But till recent years, at any rate, the cricketing class was still a very small one. Nor would it be far from the truth to say that the game at Philadelphia had thriven and prospered upon aristocratic lines; we do not fancy that even yet the populace

have shown much interest in the game. Clubs and grounds have increased, but the players are almost entirely the sons of the richer classes, and this fact has perhaps given the strength and *esprit de corps* sufficient to keep the game alive in a country which one might almost call hostile to it. Every little town, on the contrary, in Canada, has its cricket club, and the Dominion abounds in men educated at English public schools. But very rarely, if memory serves us right, has a representative eleven of all Canada proved the equal of this small group of Philadelphians. Last year a combined team from the Oxford and Cambridge Universities were beaten by an eleven of past and present members of the University of Pennsylvania. Neither Manchester, Liverpool, or Birmingham, crowded as they are with clubs and in the heart of the motherland of cricket, could put an eleven of genuine resident amateurs into the field able to beat on their merits a representative Philadelphian team. This condition of things may surely be regarded as somewhat remarkable. Yet the modesty of the American cricketer is as conspicuous as the reverse is apt to be in some other types of American athlete. Last year, it will be remembered, a school-team came over and played matches with all the principal schools in England, to the number of some fifteen or more, and were only defeated on three occasions. These American youths came over, we have reason to know, in the most humble frame of mind. They came indeed, as their seniors from Philadelphia always say they do, for the benefit of their cricketing education. When one considers what a tremendous business cricket is at a big public school in England, it did seem a trifle audacious to undertake so formidable an enterprise. No one was more sur-

prised at the result than these modest lads themselves, who left the best impressions behind them wherever they went. Their somewhat unique undertaking was in fact more watched by the public Press in America than the exploits of their seniors usually are; and if anything can help to develop cricket at a faster rate than it has hitherto travelled in the United States, this recent enterprise of the Haverford College boys is likely to do it.

Our own interest in American cricket goes back to the year of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, 1876, and was begun in circumstances that have some reason to be still vivid in our memory. With but the vaguest notion as to the quality of Philadelphian cricket, which at that time was excusable in an Englishman living in a distant part of America, we formed the project of taking an eleven there, and combining a few days' cricket with the other amusements incidental to that particular season of festivity. The requisite material, of a sort, was available within a reasonable radius of our quarters. Four or five Englishmen were secured, who had been in public school or college elevens, and as many more who were absolutely useless except to make up the number, and might without undue harshness be fairly described as lay-figures. Even in our blissful ignorance of the adversaries we were to meet, such an adventure would have seemed perilous enough, particularly as the term "out of practice" would have been a ridiculously inadequate one to describe our condition, scarcely any of us having seen a cricket-ground for two years, some not for a longer period. But we had one trump-card, which any one in the least conversant with cricketing history will recognise as a sufficiently strong one, and that card

was the late Mr. Powys. In fact, it was upon Mr. Powys, who was then staying in our neighbourhood, that the whole fabric of the scheme was based. For younger readers, or for older ones with short memories, it may be well to recall the fact that this gentleman, only a year or two previously, had been accounted one of the best amateur bowlers in England, as he certainly was the fastest of that, or perhaps any day. Both Cambridge and the Gentlemen of England had been vastly indebted to him. He was apt to be erratic, but then he was sometimes unplayable, and always terrible. With any eleven he might have wrought havoc, but with the very moderate performers we fondly thought we were to meet, it seemed possible that our famous bowler might utterly demolish them and leave our batsmen but little to do. Such, at any rate, were our hopes. It was quite another matter, however, when Mr. Powys fell ill the day before we were to leave for the scene of action, and we had to go without him. Five of us had been capable, at what seemed at that time of life the remote past, of making runs in second-class cricket; the others have been already sufficiently described. We had two bowlers who might have been useful to a country club, but no change whatever, and were now moreover a man short.

In such plight, then, we started for the stronghold of American cricket. We felt we were in a quandary as we travelled thither, and the situation grew still more serious when we realised the quality of the players we were about to encounter. Three one-day matches had been kindly arranged for us with three clubs, which, if we remember right, constituted the Philadelphia cricket world at that period, and they were all to be played on the old Germantown ground which had

witnessed the performances of many of the greatest English players of former days, both amateur and professional. Some of us arrived early enough on the day preceding our first match to go out to the scene of action and have an hour or two of the practice so desperately needed. There was a business-like appearance about the spacious level sward, with its large pavilion and roomy stands, that did not tend to raise our spirits; and the glimpse we had of some of our opponents at the nets was from our point of view still less reassuring. It is needless to say we were most kindly received. The absence of our great bowler, if a catastrophe to us, was a disappointment to the Americans who were thoroughly well up in the cricket of the day, all their principal matches even then being against Englishmen or English colonists. Moreover the side had been chosen with a view to facing this great hero; circumstances had mercifully prevented this from being representative, but it was bad enough in all conscience, and it was too late to suggest an alteration. Besides which we had some pride left (though not much), and had no choice now but to go through with the business to the bitter end. The fresh marks of a well-worn wicket in the centre of the ground told the tale of some heavy work within the last day or two, while on the table of the pavilion lay a score-book, which venturing to open, we there read a full explanation of the deep holes that had been so recently ploughed by the feet of agonised and defeated bowlers. A Canadian eleven, presumably more or less picked men, and certainly in full practice, had been here within the week to be routed with utter ignominy. The figures were appalling; we could quote them even yet, for the impression they made at the time was so great. Nor

was this any hole-and-corner ground, where we could endure for a day the jeers of a dozen rustics and then sneak off in a break through green lanes to the place whence we came. The city was crammed, and on our troubled pillow that night we saw in dreams the Germantown ground surrounded by mocking faces, for the international flavour of the coming game, though of a modest nature, could not be ignored, and we felt that in a sense we had betrayed our country. To shorten, however, a tale already too long, we came out of the ordeal better by far than would have been thought possible from the ridiculous disparity of the two sides. To begin with, we picked up an Englishman from Canada who could both bowl and bat respectably; we also won the toss, and the audience happily was small. When half the side was out, and the lay-figures had begun their procession from the pavilion to the wicket and back, we had made, by painfully cautious cricket, nearly seventy runs, which was a far more creditable performance in the circumstances than any description of ours can convey. By the time the innings was completed another dozen had been added and a prolonged luncheon did not leave, on an afternoon in late September, so indefinite a period of leather-hunting. That the Philadelphians should have any respect for our bowling, or fail to take its measure at once and treat it accordingly, was not to be expected. We had a little luck, however, and they had not made very much over two hundred runs when stumps were drawn and by hook or by crook we had got most of them out. Thus ended, without the dire disgrace that seemed inevitable, our first and most important match. The others can be passed without remark, for we sent our five lay-figures on their way rejoicing to more congenial scenes,

and replaced them with efficient substitutes, besides meeting weaker opponents.

Before taking leave of Philadelphia and its cricketers, an incident in connection with this same season may be worth recalling as, though slight enough in itself, it relates to no less a person than Charles Stewart Parnell. A match had been arranged by the Philadelphian Executive against eleven Englishmen, drawn from all readily available sources in America, for which one or two of our team were asked to remain. The St. George's Club of New York furnished the chief British element, and at the last moment one of their men failed them. A leading spirit in New York cricket at that time was an Irish acquaintance of ours, who had frequently played with Parnell in country matches at home, and knew him comparatively well. The late Irish leader, it may be remembered, was a keen and passable cricketer in his younger days, and had been captain of the County Wicklow eleven. He was also locally somewhat notorious for being a bad loser in matches where his sympathies were deeply engaged; so at least we have heard from some who knew him on the cricket-field, and indeed his biographer, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, has not spared his hero in this particular. However this may be, our St. George's acquaintance, being for a moment at a loss for a substitute, remembered that Parnell was in New York, and hurried at once to his hotel, with a view of carrying him off bodily to Philadelphia for the match. The future Irish chieftain was at that time only beginning to make his mark; but even if he had reached the pinnacle of his fame, the cheery giant who burst into his room while he was still in bed that morning, would have been the very last person in the world to let such trifles interfere with any fun

that was in prospect, and above all with cricket. Parnell, thus suddenly aroused from his dreams, perchance of an Irish republic, readily yielded, having no other engagements, and promised to be at the station in due time. The next and most natural enquiry related to the composition of the sides, and when his unsuspecting visitor told him that the title of the match was Englishmen v. Americans, Parnell, metaphorically speaking, lay down in bed again at once and pulled the clothes over his head. Actually, however, he merely looked grave and remarked, "I don't think that would do at all." "And why to blazes not?" said his visitor, astonished and mortified. "Well," said Parnell, "I don't know what they might say to it in Ireland; it is sure to be in the papers. No, I'm sorry, but I can't do it"—and he didn't. We give this story as we had it from the lips of the other Irishman himself, when a guest in his house. For ourselves we shall always confess to a sense of disappointment in having been thus deprived of the possibility of running between wickets with the Uncrowned King in a struggle for the honour of England.

While cricket still remains a limited and exclusive game in the United States, football has long ago gained the popular favour, and is almost as much of an institution as it has become in England. American football has indeed one advantage, in the fact that it is not around clubs of the Preston North End or Aston Villa type that popular interest chiefly centres, but rather on the amateur games played between universities and colleges. The number of these seats of learning in the United States is legion, and it need hardly be added that a great majority do not turn out representatives exactly on the pattern of Oxford or Cambridge. Still they

are students and amateurs, and if their *alma mater* is not always venerable and celebrated like Harvard and Yale, there is as much *esprit de corps* no doubt among its athletes. At any rate that absurd product of modern sporting evolution, the professional football-player, does not fill the public eye to anything like the same extent as with us. The football-matches between the English universities, we take it, excite but little interest in comparison with that shown in the cricket-matches, and in our humble opinion rightly so; but the annual struggle between, let us say, Yale and Princeton on the Manhattan grounds at New York is a most prodigious function. At the last one we witnessed there were said to be between thirty and forty thousand spectators. How many of these were seated, and what prices were paid for good seats, we dare not venture to say, relying only on memory. The crowd, moreover, is mainly a well-dressed one, and the event is regarded as a fashionable, as well as a popular one. The New York papers for some days previously expand themselves in accounts and portraits of the players. There is quite a flutter throughout the city on the day of the match. Demonstrative undergraduates in every variety of vehicle throng the roads to the scene of action, together with the smart carriages of New York society. The mass of spectators, however, are borne thither on the elevated railroad, packed like herrings in a barrel, and suggesting the District Line to Putney on the day of the boat-race. The scene inside the grounds is characteristic of the greater demonstrativeness of the Americans at play. The gates are besieged by the vendors of emblems wherewith to cheer on the players to victory, such as ribbons and small flags of the two university colours, and the effigies of defiant game-

cocks mounted on sticks. The noise while the game is in progress is at times deafening. What would chiefly strike an Englishman, however, are those peculiar war-cries which the older universities in America cherish, and which have been heard on a small scale, and not, it is to be feared, wholly with approval, at Henley. Suddenly, in the front of a crowded stand, an individual will be seen to leap to his feet brandishing a stick or umbrella; promptly upon this signal twenty or thirty of his immediate neighbours will spring up also and, in time to the waving of their impromptu conductor's wand, give vent to the sharp, jerky chorus of mysterious doggerel, that proclaims them members or past members of one or other university, Princeton men, if we remember right, proclaiming their identity and cheering on their friends with the Frogs' Chorus from Aristophanes. A demonstration like this will be taken, in some sort, as a challenge by rival groups of the other faction, and it is curious to see these small patches of organised vivacity breaking out all over the dense mass that throng the stands on every side of the ground. In the evening the city is, or used to be, given over to frolicsome undergraduates who, having shouted themselves hoarse in the afternoon, proceeded to take one or two of the favourite theatres by storm; of late years, however, the terrorised managers have, we hear, made some sort of compromise, which secures them a partial immunity on these occasions. Many old Oxford and Cambridge men will remember Evans's supper-rooms on the night of the University boat-race; those historic performances were child's play to what certain theatrical managers in New York have, it is said, had occasionally to put up with.

The Americans are fortunate in having only one set of football rules.

These are a compromise between Rugby and Association, and admit, beyond a doubt, of most elaborate combinations in play, besides being considerably rougher than either of the English codes. Each of the more celebrated colleges are distinguished by certain tactics, and from time to time the newspapers are agog with the rumour that Yale or Columbia (Harvard, though first in social and intellectual prestige seems never to be quite first in athletics) has developed some new and irresistible method of attack, which it is practising in strict privacy. Academic football, as we have said, leads the game in America. From the greater colleges of the East it has spread not only to all the smaller ones, but throughout the South and West, till there is scarcely an institution of any kind from the Atlantic to the Pacific without its regular programme of fixtures. We have tried sometimes to fancy the South Carolinian of twenty years ago playing football, and have signally failed. The thing is inconceivable! A hack, or an accidental knock, would in those days have led to Heaven knows what complications. We have played ourselves more than once against Southern colleges in the primitive days of American football, and though it was not in such a fiery region as Carolina, there was even there a vague feeling of uncertainty pervading the atmosphere. In countries where the pistol and the knife are to every man's hand football is obviously full of dangerous possibilities. That it has now taken root in the South is a sign more eloquent of an improving civilisation than many columns of statistics.

With all this, however, American colleges, even the best of them, have not yet wholly caught the spirit in which English universities and public schools meet each other in friendly contests. We judge them solely out

of the mouth, of their own best critics and friends, who, in the columns of the more respectable journals, tell week after week and year after year the same tale. This is not after all a very bad tale, but it tells the American lads very plainly that they have not yet acquired that easy attitude towards each other, that quiet consciousness of fair play being a matter of course and not a matter of talk, which English amateurs enjoy in their mutual relations. Indeed, recent events have made it obvious that the American is still somewhat crude and savage in his athletic rivalry. He must win at all hazards, and in his morbid passion for victory is apt to lose sight of the main aim of outdoor sports. At one time the habit of introducing professionals into colleges was common, but this has now been almost stamped out. The college clubs, moreover, seem somewhat slow in that mutual accommodation in the matter of fixtures which is essential to harmony. If, for example, the only date possible for an inter-college meeting seems to slightly favour one side, the other is apt to forego the contest altogether, thinking it better not to meet at all than to risk an honourable defeat. Harvard and Yale did not meet for years owing to some ridiculous hitch of this sort. But after all the American Daily Press, with the exception of a few of the best papers, is greatly prejudicial to true sport. To be continually confronted with newspapers that obviously do not understand the very elements of such a thing, and when on this topic are nothing if not sensational and vulgar, must affect even the best of the rising generation.

Nevertheless, the Americans are to be greatly congratulated on the transformation that the last twenty years has seen in their lives. It would be unkind to dwell too much on certain defects that are the result of immaturity in part, and in part to that very enthusiasm with which the people of the United States throw themselves into anything they undertake.

Since writing the last words of this paper, accounts of a case lately tried in the American courts have come to hand, which illustrate, in somewhat humorous fashion, a novel and indeed formidable view of the responsibilities of the football field. If this particular jury had shown sympathy in this case for the plaintiff, another terror would indeed have been added to the life of the American *paterfamilias*. It seems that a boy, having been injured, though not seriously, in a school match, his fond parent proceeded to make the matter a question of law. If he had sued the school authorities it might have been a foolish act, but it would have been wholly an uninteresting one to the public, and an incident quite unworthy of record. But this delightful person went to the root of the matter and brought an action against the father of the boy who delivered the ill-fated kick. If the jury had gone wrong, conceive the possibilities that would have attached to the possession of a son who was a vigorous forward in the football-field. Fortunately, these twelve good and just men kept their heads, were deaf to the blandishments of counsel, and the fathers of American football-players again breathed freely.

IN AND ABOUT THE WEST INDIES.

Now that the Commission appointed by the Government to inquire into the continued depression in the Cane Sugar Industry has returned, and the report may shortly be expected, the impressions of a traveller who has but recently returned from a visit to the West Indies may perhaps be found interesting as a contribution towards the evidence on which, whatever may be the report of the Commissioners, the judgment of the public must ultimately be based.

The first view of the islands from the Royal Mail steamship in the roadstead of Carlisle Bay is an animated scene. Shipping of all sorts crowd the anchorage; the white ensign floats above the taffrail of one of Her Majesty's cruisers; West Indian trading schooners, American brigantines, and lumber-ships from Canada and Norway display the flags of their respective countries, and, most important to the traveller, close at hand lie the three Royal Mail Inter-colonial steamers, awaiting the passengers and letters newly arrived from England.

Yet to those who come to the West Indies saturated, as all should be, with the creations of Marryat and Michael Scott, with PETER SIMPLE and TOM CRINGLE'S LOG, Barbados is somewhat disappointing. The negro, though lighthearted, does not at first sight appear amusing or even interesting, and the island itself, with its uncompromising cultivation, is not beautiful. Unlike the other islands, it is of coral growth, without any bold features; and as the teeming population has made the most of every inch of land, a drive along the excellent roads with which the island

is provided, takes the traveller through a monotonous series of unending canepatches and sweet potatoes, which soon palls. One expedition should, however, at all costs be made, though it involves a drive of nearly thirty miles to the Scotland district of the island, where two hundred years ago Colonel Christopher Codrington built and endowed a college, now managed by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. These well-weathered stone buildings, with chapel and hall, remind one of some of the smaller collegiate buildings at Oxford or Cambridge, though they are approached by an avenue of fine cabbage palms and surrounded by tropical vegetation of great luxuriance. The whole establishment is admirable of its kind, and resembles, in its minute perfection and its position on the seashore, a somewhat similar institution of almost monastic character maintained by a late Lord Glasgow on a small island in the Clyde.

On that Monday morning on which he arrives in Carlisle Bay, the traveller (or shall we frankly say, the tourist?) has to make his election as to his future movements. He may remain in the Ocean steamer and pass through the Lesser Antilles on his way to Jamaica and the Spanish Main, calling at Jacmel in Haiti on his way; or he may transfer himself and his belongings and run down to Demerara on the South American mainland, which some ignorant people imagine to be one of the West Indian islands. If, however, he has come out to see what we at home call the West Indies, pure and simple, he has still two alternatives at his choice, but before describing these, it may be worth

while to lay before the reader the general scheme of communication which regulates all intercourse in the Caribbean Sea.

There is a fortnightly service of mails from England due at Barbados on each alternate Monday. From this central point of distribution proceed four streams of letters, one in the original mail-steamer to Jamaica, one to Demerara, one northward through the islands to St. Thomas, and one southward to Trinidad and Tobago. These four steamers leave Barbados on the Monday afternoon, a few hours after the arrival of the mail from England; but as the homeward mail does not leave Barbados until the succeeding Saturday week, and as the postal contract requires that the mails from England should be delivered at each island as soon as possible, and the homeward mails collected as late as possible, it follows that the steamers going north and south, and also to Demerara, must lie up for some time at their farthest point, and that if the traveller wishes to see more of an intermediate island than can be seen during the brief stay of the steamer, he must make up his mind for a long visit, varying from ten to six days, according to the position of the island in the chain of communication. There are, it is true, other means of getting from island to island, but on none of them can any dependence be placed; they work on no regular time-table, and irritating as it is to be torn away from an interesting place after a brief hour or two ashore, the traveller whose time is limited will do well not to cut himself adrift from the regularity of the mail-steamer, not, at least, on his first visit to the islands.

There is also another reason for keeping to the mail-steamers. West Indian hospitality has long been proverbial, and though we no longer, in

these changed times, meet with the reckless profusion described by Michael Scott, the generous instinct still remains, and the stranger is everywhere welcomed as a guest. The most hardened must, however, feel that to quarter yourself on perfect strangers of limited means for the best part of a fortnight would be an outrage, however willingly the hospitality may be offered. On a second visit the case may be altered, and the acquaintances already made and kept up in the interval may no doubt warrant the self-respecting traveller in inflicting himself on his hosts for a longer period, or in arranging a series of visits throughout an island without too greatly abusing the hospitality which is so freely offered. These remarks may possibly seem out of place to some readers, but not assuredly to those who have noted the great development of the tourist system, and can remember when India was as yet uncontaminated by the modern hordes of sight-seers, and when the rare traveller was welcomed alike in the camp of every Collector on his tour, and in the mess-room of every regiment. In the case of the West Indies it is the more necessary to give such a warning, because times have long been bad there and are getting worse every day; and the traveller who is made welcome by a planter can scarcely appreciate at first sight how small is the margin of profit, if any, which his estate affords, and is only too anxious to exchange the discomforts of a West Indian hotel for the luxuries of a private house.

If the traveller should elect to go northward first he will arrive early on the Tuesday morning at Castries Bay in St. Lucia, after passing the two conspicuous conical hills called the Pitons, and there for the first time will he see true West Indian scenery, and enter the region so long

fiercely fought for by France and England.

At the head of the bay lies the small town of Castries, surrounded by high hills covered with rich tropical vegetation, but on the wharf between the town and the sea are stacked huge masses of sea-coal, for this is an Imperial coaling-station, and unseen amidst the encircling hills are modern guns of great size for the defence of the harbour. Invisible as they are to us, it is said that our French neighbours in Martinique know all about them, and that when the new works were being made a French Engineer officer worked throughout as a day-labourer, and that this was well known to many residents in Castries. This island has indeed ever been French in its sympathies; the names over the shops are French, the negroes, as in some of the other islands, speak a French *patois*, and excellent claret is imported direct from France. In spite of the low price of sugar St. Lucia is prospering, principally in consequence of the coaling-station and its necessary garrison; and enterprising Frenchmen have made haste to buy, and to sell again at a profit, all the land that was likely to be required for the new fortifications and the barracks to which it is intended eventually to remove the troops from Barbados.

If modern military arrangements are thus present to our eyes the memories of older achievements cannot be shut out. On our left and right respectively as we enter the harbour lie the Vigie and Morne Fortunée, the two old French forts which dominated the entrance, and at the back of the town is the flat-topped hill from which in 1796 Abercromby's troops advanced to the investment of Morne Fortunée, while in the north of the island lies Gros Islet Bay, whence Rodney used to watch the

French in Martinique. This harbour is too distant to be visited during the steamer's stay, but the other points of interest around the town may easily be seen by securing one of the ponies which are on hire close to the wharf, as a good road runs along the crest of the circle of hills which surround the little town like an amphitheatre.

On leaving Castries and its well masked fortifications the steamer runs up the leeward coast of St. Lucia affording a fine view of its wooded mountains of the island on our right hand, and soon we arrive at Martinique, *douce* Martinique as the French Creoles call it, a sealed book, alas, to the traveller now, and usually, in consequence of the continual presence of sporadic yellow fever. Only the briefest communication alongside is permitted for the purpose of landing and receiving the mails and the necessary certificate of non-communication, without which important document every port in the West Indies would be hereafter closed to us.

The course of the steamer is, however, sufficiently close to the shore to allow us to admire the Diamond Rock, the perpendicular crag which was formally commissioned as one of His Majesty's ships of war and with its guns annoyed the French cruisers as they ran in and out of the magnificent harbour of Fort Royal. It must indeed be confessed that this fine island, the finest certainly of the Windward group, was well worth fighting for; and as we pass its bold mountains and note the evidences of careful cultivation far up the hill-sides, we cannot but regret that fever and mismanagement should have lost us the prize which was so dearly won at the cost of the flower of the British Army, the Black Watch, then known as the 43rd of the Line, suffering terribly, and many regiments being almost destroyed by yellow fever in

these operations and in still more fruitless warfare in St. Domingo; while the English planters of St. Vincent found to their sorrow what dangerous neighbours Martinique and Guadeloupe could be in the days of Victor Hugues.

Vain, however, are now these regrets, and we leave Martinique for Dominica, which some maintain is the most beautiful of all these islands. Where all the claims are so strong it is difficult to award the palm, but certainly the ride up the Roseau Valley towards the great waterfall would be hard to beat anywhere. Striking as is this view, we are assured that it is far surpassed by the scenery in the interior and on the windward side of the island; and here it may be as well to point out that the course of the steamer is along the leeward shores of all the islands, as all the ports are to leeward, harbours to windward being practically useless for purposes of trade or refuge, as may be seen nearer home in the case of Galway.

We pass the strait between Dominica and Guadeloupe and the group of islands known as the Saintes with feelings akin to those which arise in our hearts off Capes St. Vincent and Trafalgar, for in this narrow passage Rodney attained his highest pitch of glory when on April 12th, 1782, he at last seized his opportunity and broke de Grasse's line, capturing his adversary in his flagship the *Ville de Paris*. Strange it is to us now to think that in these quiet waters great fleets of war-ships were then constantly cruising; and still more wonderful is it to reflect that for that little cruiser which we saw in Carlisle Bay it would be but a summer day's holiday to destroy or put out of action all the wooden leviathans which fought that day off the Saintes. Leaving this scene of glorious memories we steam

still northward, calling at Basseterre in Guadeloupe, where happily no quarantine regulations prevent our landing and experiencing the novel sensation of hearing French spoken all round us by a black population, and being received by an orthodox French *douanier* with a black face. Guadeloupe, so far at least as may be judged from the leeward coast, much resembles Martinique, and we leave it with the impression that after all our sacrifices of blood and treasure our French neighbours have not got the worst of the deal.

The course of the mail-steamer is now altered to the west and our head is turned towards Montserrat, where the speech of the inhabitants still recalls the brogue of the Irish exiles sent there by Cromwell. This small island is mainly devoted to the cultivation of limes and supplies a great proportion of the lime-juice used in our Navy. Less dependent upon the fluctuating fortunes of sugar it has thus suffered less commercially in this time of depression than its neighbours; but the vicissitudes of life in the tropics have very recently been shown by an earthquake and by a catastrophe which not long before overwhelmed the chief town, one third of it being destroyed by a flood which swept the frail houses of the negroes into the sea with great loss of life, covering the sites with huge boulders and shingle torn from the bed of the mountain river. Leaving this scene of destruction we approach the coral island of Antigua, the principal of the group now associated under the Government of the Leeward Isles, and we at once recognise as we steam into the harbour of St. Johns that we have changed the character of our scenery. Instead of the bold hill-sides which we have hitherto seen, even as recently as at Montserrat, the configuration of the land more reminds

us of the rounded outlines of the West of England, and the harbour of St. Johns might well be a Cornish haven. Interesting historically as is the island, where the sugar cane was first planted by Christopher Codrington more than two hundred years ago, it now contains little to interest the traveller. The days of its prosperity are over, and the deserted dockyard of English Harbour remains as a melancholy memorial of the former strategical importance of the island. Steaming westward again, we pass the isolated crag of Redonda on our course, to recover the usual West Indian scenery at St. Christopher's and its near neighbour Nevis, once the aristocratic sanatorium of the planters when fortunes were quickly made in sugar, now, sad to say, reduced even to a lower depth of depression, if possible, than their neighbours. Sad tales are told, not without truth, of the descendants of thriving planters who now live a wretched existence in their old homes at the mercy of the mortgagees, who are however, as a rule, content to receive what the estates can still produce without disturbing the nominal proprietors in the occupation of their houses.

Sadly we leave this wreck of by-gone prosperity, steaming past the anchorage where Hood outwitted de Grasse in 1782, and northward through the Virgin Isles to St. Thomas, passing on our right the Dutch island of St. Eustatia, which was for some time neutral ground during the War of American Independence, and as such used as a *dépôt* for their produce alike by the planters of the French and English islands. After the capture of the island, however, when the Dutch declared war, Rodney's avarice got the better of his discretion; but the indiscriminate confiscation of the property of both friend and foe profited him but little in the end, as the enor-

mous booty was all lost at sea or captured by French cruisers on the way home, and the lawsuits of the exasperated planters of St. Kitt's completed the ruin of Rodney's shattered fortunes. Another Dutch island, Saba, is also passed, where a handful of thrifty Hollanders inhabit an extinct crater many hundreds of feet above the sea, reaching their houses only by means of ladders hanging from the cliffs. Curiously enough in this eagle's nest are built many of the weatherly schooners which carry on the local trade of the islands, the ships being let down to the sea by ropes and navigated by these ingenious Dutchmen, who are the most expert seamen in these waters.

The land-locked harbour of St. Thomas, though shorn of its importance since the Royal Mail Company has transferred its headquarters to Barbados, still presents an animated scene, as it is seldom that ships of war of various nations, French, German, Danish, Dutch and Spanish, are not at anchor there, and it is also the port through which must pass much of the trade of Cuba and Porto Rico. Still there is an air of depression about the town, and the stores, which open into the street, have vast ranges of vaulted warehouses between them and the sea which have long been empty. Charlotte Amalie, however, is a bright little town to look at, with its single street and tiny *place*; a toy fort stands on the sea-shore and many red-roofed houses nestle on the hill-side. Society though small is agreeable, and the official element most friendly, though the Danish authorities administer the municipal laws with Draconian severity, and it is said that an English gentleman has been seen expiating an after-dinner frolic by assisting next morning to sweep the streets in his evening clothes. In this quiet spot the mail steamer re-

mains for four or five days until it is time for her to retrace her course and to collect the post-bags for delivery at Barbados on the succeeding Saturday; but the time need not hang heavily on any man's hands, and a little schooner, the *Vigilant*, well known in the last days of the slave-trade, nearly a hundred years ago, is still afloat, to take the mails and more adventurous passengers to the island of St. Croix and back. There is, however, not much to regret when the day of departure arrives; little or no cargo has to be taken on board, as the island produces nothing, and the principal articles of commerce are bay-rum and cigars, Charlotte Amalie being, like Gibraltar, a free port, with consequent facilities for smuggling.

Of the return voyage to Barbados little need be said. The steamer calls at the same places, but makes a slightly longer stay at each, as freights of cocoa, lime-juice, and fruit have to be taken on board, and the prudent traveller will, no doubt, have made arrangements on his first visit to utilise this time by securing horses in advance.

Saturday, Sunday, and part of Monday are spent at Barbados in waiting for the mail from England, and on Monday evening the inter-colonial boat departs for St. Vincent, arriving at Kingstown early on Tuesday morning. This charming island, which contends with Grenada and Dominica for the palm of beauty, is one of the most interesting and also the most woe-begone in the West Indies. Ravaged in turn by French, English and Caribs, it became at last the most English of the true Caribbean islands, putting Barbados and Antigua apart as being of a totally different type; and even the supporters of the scenery of Dominica and Grenada will admit that the Soufrière of St. Vincent has no rival, while the view of the lee-

ward coast from Fort Charlotte, which dominates the town, is very fine.

In spite of the ravages of fire and sword the island was most prosperous until the Emancipation Act, and even afterwards those few estates which were free from mortgages paid a good return to their owners. But the fall in the price of sugar has completed the ruin of the island, which began when absentee owners entrusted the management of their property to agents, who slowly but surely acquired the fee simple of the estates, partly with borrowed money, and then in their turn became absentees; the result being that there is now scarcely one resident proprietor in the island, that estates are going out of cultivation, and that even the production of arrowroot, which at one time promised to restore the vanished prosperity, has through mismanagement ceased to pay. Here, as elsewhere, both official and private expenses have to be ruthlessly cut down, and the great botanical garden which was once the glory of the West Indies shows now but a shadow of its former beauty.

Southwards we sail from St. Vincent to Grenada, passing in our course the chain of islands called the Grenadines, with their infinite variety of form and colour, some like Bequia and Carriacou, still bearing their old Carib names, whilst others are known by more familiar appellations, such as London Bridge and Jumping Jenny. Grenada at once reminds us somewhat of Dominica and St. Vincent, with its bold outline of precipitous hill-tops clothed in dark virgin forest, shading down through the paler green of cocoa plantations to the brighter verdure of the sugar cane on the lower ground. The steamer does not usually enter the romantic little land-locked harbour of St. George's, but lies outside under a dismantled fort, one of the many in the West Indies which serve to remind

us how greatly these islands helped to build up our National Debt. There is a general air of prosperity about the town, which is the seat of government of the Confederation, or group known officially as the Windward Isles, consisting of St. Lucia, St. Vincent and Grenada. Our stay, however, is short, but little cargo being shipped until the return voyage, and barely allows time for a visit to a most promising botanical garden, which shows how much in this climate an establishment of this kind may do in the way of intelligent example and advice even in the short space of ten years.

Our next stage is Trinidad, which this year has celebrated the hundredth anniversary of British rule. Port of Spain is approached from the Caribbean Sea through the Dragon's and Serpent's Mouths, narrow waterways leading into the Gulf of Paria through towering islands which almost block the passage between Trinidad and the mainland of South America. The eastern-most of these gates is the grandest, with an isolated crag standing sentinel at its entrance, but it is rarely used except in daylight, as the currents are strong and variable, especially at spring tides, the breadth is less than a mile, and the depth of water too great to use an anchor in difficulties. Through one or another of these straits, however, we enter the great gulf, thick and turbid with the muddy waters of the Orinoco, and passing innumerable wooded islands of great beauty, we arrive at Port of Spain, a mantle of malarious fog over the town at early morning showing that however brisk business may be in the daytime, it is wise to follow the example of the well-to-do inhabitants who have taken up their abode on the savannah and in the little valleys leading up to the surrounding hills. And business certainly seems to be brisk in Port of

Spain. A railroad runs along the quay, and a tramway through the streets; the town is full of large and handsome stores; telephones and electric light contribute to the amenities of daily life, and the presence of the delicate-featured coolie shows that the labour difficulty has been overcome, and that planters are no longer at the mercy of the lazy negro. Though we are assured on all hands that the sugar industry is being worked at a loss, there is an air of prosperity which is hard to reconcile with these complaints. Cocoa is certainly even now a profitable crop; there is much trade with Venezuela and the Spanish Main, and race-meetings and cricket keep alive the love of sport which is natural to both Englishman and Creole.

To attempt to describe the beauty of this delightful island would be vain, even if Charles Kingsley had not been there before one. The temptations to linger in it are innumerable; but a choice has to be made, and the traveller must decide between the seductive charms of Trinidad and the opportunity of seeing Tobago, in many respects one of the most remarkable of the West Indian Islands. If this opportunity is chosen we re-pass the Dragon's Mouth, and find ourselves next morning at anchor in the bay of Scarborough, the little capital of this island, so justly described as the Negro's Paradise, but a melancholy prospect for the Englishman. Here we have a perfect climate, the warmth of the sun being constantly tempered by a fresh sea-breeze; cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, and oranges bear witness to the fertility of the soil; coffee grows wild; cattle thrive; the bursting cotton-pods recall the time of the American War when Tobago cotton ranked high in the market; but deserted sugar-estates everywhere show that capital has left the island, which does not now

contain thirty white residents, all told. French and English fortifications in ruins are sad evidences of the importance with which the island was once regarded; and little is now left to remind us of these times but the French names of streets now rapidly passing into oblivion, and the lines of roads so admirably traced by the genius of French engineers, which are kept up by the energetic Commissioner so far as the limited resources at his disposal will allow. The naturalist and botanist will find ample scope in Tobago, the flora and fauna of which are, like those of Trinidad, akin to those of South America. Birds of brilliant plumage, secure in the protection of the law, flit from tree to tree, and the peculiar formation of the interior of the island, with its curious round-headed valleys running up on each side towards a narrow winding crest which barely serves to carry the road, will afford much ground of speculation to the geologist. But when all this has been said Tobago remains but a negro's paradise. The negro is called lazy, but why should he work in Tobago? His wants are few; a shilling earned now and then supplies him with all the ready money he requires; the minimum of labour in his garden provides food for his daily wants, and a house and clothing are almost superfluous luxuries. Tobago is, in fact, a sort of half-way house between civilisation and the conditions which now prevail in Haiti; and what makes a visit to this little island so interesting is that here we have before our eyes an object-lesson to show what must be the fate of the other islands were European capital and energy altogether drained away, a calamity which now appears imminent in St. Vincent and some of the northern islands, where derelict estates and ruined houses everywhere

testify alike to former luxury and present decay. The downward path is well marked in the records of the change in the official hierarchy of the islands. From Governors and Lieutenant-Governors with aides-de-camp and private secretaries, we descend through Presidents to Commissioners and Administrators, who inhabit the spacious Government Houses and unite in their persons almost as many offices as did that great functionary created by Mr. Gilbert in the Mikado. In this direction, at least, official retrenchment can go but little farther in the smaller islands, where one man has to be Governor, Harbour-master, Postmaster, and Treasurer, and passes all his time in devising means for repairing his roads, and trying each day to get half-a-crown's worth of work done for a shilling.

What can be said to be the cause of this universal decay? We need not go back to the abolition of slavery; the islands prospered even after this revolution. It is the fashion to attribute the misfortunes of the West Indies to the Foreign Bounty system and the consequent low price of sugar. This cause has no doubt contributed to effect the present ruin of the islands; but may not the primary cause be with ourselves? It is very easy to lay the blame on the fiscal systems of foreign countries, but possibly the present position is but one of the results of former prosperity. In old times, when the supply of sugar was limited and prices high, West Indian planters made haste to get rich, and thought of little else but increasing their output and enlarging their plantations by "adding field to field." This was too often done, not by sacrificing part of their annual profits, but with borrowed capital; and so long as high prices continued the interest on the mortgages was easily paid and the planter

still enjoyed an ample income, which for the most part he began to spend at home in England, leaving his estates to the care of managers or attornies, as they are called in the West Indies, and contenting himself with an occasional visit to his property. This was all very well so long as high prices lasted; but when sugar began to fall there was soon but little balance, after payment of interest and the attorney's salary, to remit to England; and as gradually the margin vanished the estates slowly but surely came into the hands of the mortgagees, or were acquired by the attornies, who worked them with borrowed money or were actually financed by the merchants who disposed of the crops. There is now scarcely a sugar-estate in the West Indies which is free from mortgages, the lowest rate of interest being about six per cent. The growing crop is, to use an Irish bull, also mortgaged before it is planted in order to provide for the expenses of cultivation; and when to this is added the merchant's commission on the sale of the crop and his profit on all articles supplied to the estate, it is calculated that there is, in addition to the cost of cultivation, an outgoing of from twenty to even thirty per cent. to be subtracted from the price realised by the crop before the nominal owner can receive anything; and to this must of course be added, where the owner is, as is usual, an absentee, the attorney's salary or percentage. No industry can thrive in these times of competition under such drawbacks; but doubtless were the same properties worked without borrowed capital and under the master's eye, a fair profit would be made even at the present price of sugar, and indeed in every island we notice that, though fortunes are no longer made, those few proprietors who are free from

debt and are managing their own property are making a good living. Thus it is computed that the cost of raising a ton of sugar in Antigua is £6, the average nett price of which, after paying all charges, is £8, and this even with the antiquated machinery which has been in use for generations. What is true of sugar is true also, but in a greater degree, of cocoa. In Trinidad cocoa can be grown and shipped for 25s. which can be sold for 46s., thus allowing a fair margin for profit and interest on capital. The profit is of course not what it was even a few years ago, when cocoa sold for 90s., but there are estates in Grenada bought at the top of the flood which even now will return ten per cent. on the capital invested in them. It may in a word be said that what the West Indies are now suffering from is not the Foreign Bounty system, but private indebtedness and absenteeism in the first place, and obsolete methods of production and manufacture in the second.

But how is this situation to be remedied? Some have proposed a large loan upon easy terms to the planters, guaranteed by the Imperial Government, to enable them to discharge their debts to the mortgagees. Some such measure of relief would no doubt do much, as besides reducing the rate of interest it would also indirectly free the planters from the obligation of dealing with the merchants, who are in most cases the mortgagees; but so long as the beet sugar manufacturers abroad are daily using the best chemical and engineering advice to enable them to increase and improve their output, it will be necessary for the growers of cane sugar to adopt the same course of action if they mean to recover the lost control of the sugar-markets. This would involve an enormous outlay of new

capital, and unfortunately the experiment of a central factory with improved machinery in St. Lucia has not proved encouraging. The case of St. Lucia may, however, be peculiar, as the geographical configuration of that island makes communication difficult, whereas in Barbados and Antigua, which were once the two great seats of the sugar-industry, the roads are excellent, and a central *usine*, or factory, with modern machinery, might well succeed even now, and restore the vanished prosperity of the West Indies. The total output of Antigua was last year about 16,000 tons, and there is at this moment in Cuba a central *usine*, worked by American capital, capable of turning out 35,000 tons. It would not, therefore, be difficult, if the necessary capital were forthcoming, to work up all the cane grown in Antigua at a single centre, and thus to reduce the cost of manufacture by concentration and substituting improved machinery and methods of production for the antiquated gear and processes now in use.

The sugar at present exported from the West Indies is what is known in English households as brown sugar, though known in the market under various names according to its purity and formation. All this has to pass through another process before it becomes the white loaf sugar of commerce; and of this white sugar the West Indian islands actually import 10,000 tons, mostly beet, so that if central usines were established, they should be equipped with machinery capable of completing the process of the manufacture.

The establishment of such usines would no doubt be resisted by the

existing attorneys and overseers, who are well satisfied with the present system so long as they can secure their salaries, allowances, and perquisites, not unnaturally pointing to the failure in St. Lucia in support of their views. But by some means or other this improvement must be undertaken if the islands are not to go from bad to worse, and eventually to sink into the present condition of Tobago or even to that of Haiti. It would seem almost incredible, were it not too true, that these fine islands, capable of growing everything for their own use at home, where the climate, out of the towns, is well suited for Europeans if only reasonable attention be paid to temperance and ordinary sanitary precautions, should be reduced to import everything which they require for daily use, including actually the sugar, coffee and cocoa of which they produce the raw material so easily, while the conditions of life are such as might readily attract the young Englishman with a little money and plenty of energy. A very few hundreds of pounds will now buy an estate in St. Vincent with dwelling-house and machinery included. The cost of living, with all tropical luxuries in the islands, is absurdly small. The outdoor life is healthy in spite of the heat of the sun; and as there is no doubt that under the master's eye both sugar and cocoa will pay even at present prices, it is strange that so attractive a field of enterprise should be neglected by those who are ever looking for opportunities to escape from the over-competition with which the man of small means in England has to contend.

JOHN R. DASENT.

JACK AND JILL.

My friend, Monsieur —, absolutely declines to append his name to these pages, of which he is the virtual author. Nevertheless, he permits them to be published anonymously, being, indeed, a little curious to ascertain what would have been the public verdict as to his sanity had he given his personal imprimatur to a narrative on the face of it so incredible.

"How!" he says, "should I have believed it of another, when I have such astonishing difficulty at this date in realising that it was I,—yes, I, my friend, this same little callow *poupon*—that was the actual hero of the adventure? Fidèle [by which term we cover the identity of his wife], Fidèle will laugh in my face sometimes, crying: 'Not thou, little cabbage, nor yet thy faithful was it that dived through half the world and came up breathless! No, no, I cannot believe it. We folk, so matter-of-fact and so comical! It was of Hansel and Gretel we had been reading hand in hand, till we fell asleep in the twilight and fancied this thing.' And then she will trill like a bird at the thought of how solemn Herr Grabenstock, of the Hôtel du Mont Blanc, would have stared and edged apart, had we truly recounted to him that which had befallen us between the rising and the setting of a sun. We go forth; it rains—my faith! as it will in the Chamounix valley—and we return in the evening sopped. Very natural; but, for a first cause of our wetting—ah! there we must be fastidious of an explanation, or we shall find ourselves in peril of restraint. Now, write this for me, and believe it if you can. We

are not in a conspiracy of imagination, I and the dear courageous."

Therefore I *do* write it, speaking in the person of Monsieur —, and mainly from his dictation; and my friend shall amuse himself over the nature of its reception.

One morning (it was in late May), says Monsieur —, my Fidèle and I left the Hôtel du Mont Blanc for a ramble amongst the hills. We were a little adventurous, because we were innocent. We took no guide but our common sense, and that served us very ill,—or very well, according to the point of view. Ours was that of the birds, singing to the sky and careless of the snake in the grass so long as they can pipe their tune. Of a surety that is the only course. If one would make provision against every chance of accident, one must dematerialise. To die is the only way to secure oneself from fatality. Still, it is a wise precaution, I will admit, not to eat of all hedge-fruit because blackberries are sweet. Some day, after the fiftieth stomach-ache, we shall learn wisdom, my Fidèle and I. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." That, I know, comes into the English gospel. Well, I will tell you, I am content to be considered of the first; and my Fidèle is assuredly of the second. Yet did she fear, or I rush in? On the contrary, I have a little laughing thought that it was the angel inveighed against the dullness of caution when the fool would have hesitated.

Now, it was before the season of the Alps, and the mountain aubergistes were, for the most part, not

arrived at their desolate hill-taverns. Nor were guides at all in evidence, being yet engaged, the sturdy souls, over their winter occupations. One, no doubt, we could have procured had we wished it, but we did not. We would explore under the aegis of no cicerone but our curiosity. That was native to us, if the district was strange.

Following at first the instructions of Herr Baedeker, we travelled and climbed, chattering and singing as we went, in the direction of the Montenvert, whence we were to descend upon the Mer de Glace and enjoy the spectacle of a stupendous glacier.

"And that, I am convinced," said Fidèle, "is nothing more nor less than one of those many windows that give light to the monsters of the under-earth."

"Little imbecile! In some places this window is six hundred feet thick."

"So?" she said. "That is because their dim eyes could not endure the full light of the sun."

We had brought a tin box of sandwiches with us; and this, with my large pewter flask full of wine, was slung upon my back. For we had been told the Hôtel du Montenvert was yet closed, and sure enough, when we reached it, the building stood black in a pool of snow, its shuttered windows forlorn, and long icicles hanging from the eaves. The depression induced by this sight was momentary. We turned from it to the panorama of majestic loveliness that stretched below and around us. The glacier, that rolling sea of glass, descended from the enormous gates of the hills. Its source was the white furnace of the skies; its substance the crystal refuse of the stars; and from its margins the splintered peaks stood up in a thousand forms of beauty. Right and left, in the hollows of the mountains, the mist lay like ponds,

opal and translucent; and the shafts of the pine trees standing in it looked like the reflections of themselves. It made the eyes ache, this silence of greatness; and it became a relief to shift one's gaze to the reality of one's near neighbourhood,—the grass and the rhododendron bushes, and even the dull walls of the deserted auberge.

A narrow path dipped over the hill-side and fled into the very jaws of the moraine. Down the first of this path we raced, hand in hand; but soon finding the impetus overmastering us, we pulled up with difficulty and descended the rest of the way circumspectly. At the foot of the steep slope we came upon the little wooden hutch where, ordinarily, one may procure a guide (also rough socks to stretch over one's boots) for the passage of the glacier. Now, however, the shed was closed and tenantless; and we must e'en dispense with a conductor should we adventure further.

"Herr Baedeker says that a guide is unnecessary for the experienced. Fidèle, are we experienced?"

"We shall be, *mon ami*, when we have crossed. A guide could not alter that."

"But it is true, *ma petite*. Come, then!"

We clambered down among huge stones. Fidèle's little feet went in and out of the crannies like sand-martins. Suddenly, before we realised it, we were on the glacier.

"*Mon Dieu*," cried Fidèle, "is this ice,—these blocks of dirty alabaster?"

Alas! She was justified. This torrent of majestic crystal,—seen from above so smooth and bountiful, a flood of the milk of nature dispensed from the white bosom of the hills—now, near at hand, what do we find it? A medley of opaque blocks, smeared with grit and rubbish; a vast ruin of

avalanches hurled together and consolidated, and of the colour of rocksalt.

"*Peste !*" I cried. "We must get to the opposite bank, for all that.

Mignonne, allons voir si la rose,
Qui ce matin avoir desclose."

We clasped hands and set forth on our little *traversée*, our landmark an odd-shaped needle of spar on the further side. My faith, it was simple ! The *paveurs* of nature had left the road a trifle rough, that was all. Suddenly we came upon a wide fissure stretched obliquely like the mouth of a sole. Going glibly, we learned a small lesson of caution therefrom ; six paces and we should have tumbled in. We looked over fearfully. Here, in truth, was real ice at last,—green as bottle-glass at the edges, and melting into unfathomable deeps of glowing blue. In a moment, with a shriek like that of escaping steam, a windy demon leaped at us from the underneath. It was all of winter in a breath. It seemed to shrivel the skin from our faces, the flesh from our bones. We staggered backwards.

"*Mon ami, mon ami,*" cried Fidèle, "my heart is a stone ; my eyes are two blisters of water !"

We danced as the blood returned unwilling to our veins. It was minutes before we could proceed. Afterwards I learned that these hellish eruptions of air betoken a change of temperature. It was coming then shortly in a dense rainfall.

When we were recovered, we sought about for a way to circumambulate the crevasse. Then we remarked that up a huge boulder of ice that had seemed to block our path recent steps, or toe-holes, had been cut. In a twinkling we were over. Fidèle—no, a woman never falls. "For all this," she says, shaking her head, "I maintain that a guide here is a sine-curist."

Well, we made the passage safely, and toiled up the steep loose moraine beyond, to find the track over which was harder than crossing the glacier. But we did it, and struck the path along the hill-side, which leads by the *Mauvais Pas* (the *mauvais quart d'heure*) to the little cabaret called the *Chapeau*. This tavern, too, was shut and dismal. It did not matter ; we sat like sparrows on a railing, and munched our egg-sandwiches and drank our wine in a sort of glorious stupefaction. Right opposite us was the vast glacier-fall, whose crashing foam was towers and parapets of ice, that went over and rolled into the valley below, a ruin of thunder. Far beyond, where the mouth of the gorge spread out littered with monstrous destruction, we saw the hundred threads of the glacier streams collect into a single rope of silver, that went drawn between the hills, a highway of water. It was all a majestic panorama of grey and pearly white,—the sky, the torrents, the mountains ; but the blue and rusty green of the stone pines, flung abroad in hanging woods and coppices, broke up and distributed the infinite serenity of the snow-fields.

Presently, having drunk deep of rich content, we rose to retrace our steps ; for, spurred by vanity, we must be returning the way we had come, to show our confident experience of glaciers.

All went well. Actually we had passed over near two-thirds of the ice-bed, when a touch on my arm stayed me, and *ma mie* looked into my eyes, very comical and insolent. "Little cabbage," she said, "will you not put your new knowledge to account ?"

"But how, my soul ?"

She laughed and pressed my arm to her side. Her heart fluttered like a nestling after its first flight. "To rest on the little prowess of a small

adventure! No, no! Shall he who has learned to swim be always content to bathe in shallow water?" I was speechless as I gazed on her. "Behold, then!" she continued. "We have opposed ourselves to this problem of the ice, and we have mastered it. See how it rears itself to the inaccessible peaks, the which to reach the poor innocents expend themselves over rocks and drifts. But why should one not climb the mountain by way of the glacier?"

"Fidèle!" I gasped.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, nodding her head; "but poor men, they are mules. They spill their blood on the scaling-ladders when the town-gate is open."

Again I cried "Fidèle!"

"But, yes," she said, "it needs a woman to see. It is but two o'clock. Let us ascend the glacier, like a staircase; and presently we shall stand upon the summit of the mountain. Those last little peaks above the ice can be of no importance."

I was touched, astounded, by the sublimity of her idea. Had no one, then, ever thought of this before?

We began the ascent. I swear we must have toiled upwards half a mile, when the catastrophe took place. It was raining then, a dense small mist, and the ice was as if it had been greased. We were proceeding with infinite care, arm in arm, tucked close together. A little doubt, I think, was beginning to oppress us. We could move only with such caution and difficulty, and there were noises, sounds like the clapping of great hands, in those rocky attics above us. Then there would come a slamming report, as if the window of the unknown had been burst open by demons; and the moans of the lost would issue, surging down upon the world. These thunders, as we were afterwards told, are caused by the

splitting of the ice when there comes a fall in the barometer. Then the glacier will yawn like a sliced junket. My faith, what a simile! But, again the point of view, my friend.

All in a moment I heard a little cluck. I looked down. Alas, the fine spirit was obscured! Fidèle was weeping. "*Chut, chut!*" I exclaimed in consternation. "We will go back at once."

She struggled to smile, the poor *mignonne*. "It is only that my knees are sick," she said piteously. I took her in my strong arms tenderly. We had paused on a ridge of hard snow. There came a tearing clang, an enormous sucking sound, as of wet lips opening. The snow sank under our feet. "My God!" shrieked Fidèle. I held her convulsively. It happened in an instant, before one could leap aside. The bed of snow on which we were standing broke down into the crevasse it had bridged and let us through to the depths. Will you believe what follows? Pinch your nose and open your mouth; you shall take the whole draught at a breath. *The ice at the point where we entered was five hundred feet thick and we fell to the very bottom of it!* Ha, ha! Is it difficult to swallow? But it is true, it is quite true. Here I sit sound and safe and eminently sane, and that after a fall of five hundred feet.

Now, listen. We went down, welded together, with a rush and a buzz like a cannon-ball. Thoughts? Ah, my friend, I had none. Who can think even in a high wind? And here the wind of our going would have brained an ox. Only one desperate instinct I had, one little forlorn remnant of humanity—to shield the love of my heart. So my arms never left her, and we fell together. I dreaded nothing, feared nothing, foresaw no terror in the inevitable mangling crash of the end. For time, that is

necessary to emotion, was annihilated; we had outstripped it, and left sense and reason sluggishly following in our wake. Sense—yes; but not altogether sensation. Flashingly I was conscious here of incredibly swift transitions from cold to deeper wells of frost; thence down through a stratum of death and negation between mere blind walls of frigid inhumanity, to have been stayed a moment by which would have pointed all our limbs as stiff as icicles, as stiff as those of frogs plunged into boiling water. But we passed and fell, still crashing upon no obstruction; and thought pursued us, tailing further behind. It was the passage of the eternal night,—frozen, self-contained, awful as any fancied darkness that is without one tradition of a star. Yet, struggling hereafter to, in some shadowy sense, renew my feelings of the moment, it seemed to me that I had not fallen through darkness at all; but rather that the friction of descent had kindled an inner radiance in me that was independent of the vision of the eyes, and full of promise of a sudden illumination of the soul.

Now, — after falling what depth God knows—I became numbly aware of a little griding sensation at my back, that communicated a whistling small vibration to my whole frame. This intensified, became more pronounced. Perceptibly, in that magnificent refinement of speed, our enormous pace I felt to decrease ever so little. Still we had so far outstripped intelligence that I was incapable of considering the cause of the change.

Suddenly, for the first time, pain made itself known; and immediately reason, plunging from above, overtook me and I could think. Then it was I became conscious that instead of falling we were rising,—rising with immense swiftness, but at a pace that

momentarily slackened — rising, slipping over ice and in contact with it. The muscles of my arms, clasped still about Fidèle, involuntarily swelled to her. *Mon Dieu!* there was a tiny answering pressure. I could have screamed with joy; but physical anguish overmastered me. My back seemed bursting into flame; the suffering was intolerable. When at last I thought I should go mad, in a moment we took a surging swoop, shot down an easy incline, and—*stopped!*

There had been noise in our descent, as only now I knew by its cessation, — a hissing sound as of wire whirring from a draw-plate. In the profound enormous silence that at last enveloped us, the bliss of freedom from that metallic accompaniment fell on me like a balm. My eyelids closed; possibly I fainted.

All in a moment I came to myself,—to an undefinable sense of the tremendous pressure of nothingness. Darkness! it was not that; yet it was as little light. It was as if we lay in a dim luminous chaos, ourselves an integral part of its self-containment. I did not stir; but I spoke, and my strange voice broke the enchantment. Surely never before or since was speech exchanged under such conditions. “Fidèle!”

“I can speak, but I cannot look. If I hide so for ever, I can die bravely.”

“*Ma petite!* oh, my little one! are you hurt?”

“I don’t know. I think not.”

Her voice, her dear voice was so odd; but, *mon Dieu!* how wonderful in its courage! That, heaven be praised, is no monopoly of intellect. Indeed, it is imagination that makes men cowards; and to the lack of this possibly we owed our salvation.

Now, calm and freed of that haunting jar of descent, I became conscious that a sound that I had at first taken

Jack and Jill.

131

for the rush of my own arteries, had an origin apart from us. It was like the wash and thunder of waters in a deep sewer. "Fidèle!" I said again.

"I am listening."

"Hear, then! Canst thou free my right arm that I may feel for the lucifers in my pocket?"

She moved at once, never raising her face from my breast. I groped for the box, found it, and manipulating with one hand, succeeded in striking a match. It flamed up, a long wax vesta. A glory of sleek fire sprang on the instant into life. We lay imprisoned in a house of glass, at the foot of a smooth incline rising behind us to unknown heights. A wall of porous and opaque ice-rubbish, into which our feet had plunged deep, had stayed our progress.

I placed the box by my side ready for use. Our last moments should be lavish of splendour. Stooping for another match, to kindle from the flame of the nearly expired one, a thought struck me. Why had we not been at once frozen to death? Yet we lay where we had brought up, as snug and glowing as if we were wrapped in bed-clothes. The answer came to me in a flash. We had fallen sheer to the glacier-bed, which, warmed by subterraneous heat, was ever in process of melting. Possibly but a comparatively thin curtain of perforated ice separated us from the under torrent. The enforced conclusion was astounding; but as yet it inspired no hope. We were none the less doomed and buried.

I lit a second match, turned about, and gave a start of terror. There imbedded in the transparent wall at my very shoulder, was something,—the body of a man! A horrible sight,—a horrible, horrible sight,—crushed, flattened,—a caricature,—the very gouts of blood that had burst from him held poised in the massed

congelations of water. For how long ages had he been travelling to the valley, and from what heights? He was of a by-gone generation, by his huge coat-cuffs, his metal buttons, by his shoe-buckles and the white stockings on his legs, which were pressed thin and sharp, as if cut out of paper. Had he been a climber, an explorer, a contemporary, perhaps, of Saussure and a rival? And what had been his unrecorded fate? To slip into a crevasse, and so for the parted ice to snap upon him again, like a hideous jaw? Its work done, it might at least have opened and dropped him through, not held him intact to jog us, out of all that world of despair, with his battered elbow,—perhaps to witness in others the fate he had himself suffered!

I dropped the match I was holding; I tightened my clasp convulsively about Fidèle. Thank God she at any rate was blind to this horror within a horror!

All at once,—was it the start I had given, or the natural process of dissolution beneath our feet?—we were moving again, swift—swifter! Fidèle uttered a little moaning cry. The rubbish of ice crashed below us, and we sank through.

I knew nothing, then, but that we were in water,—that we had fallen from a little height and were being hurried along. The torrent, now deep, now so shallow that my feet scraped its bed, gushed in my ears and blinded my eyes. Still I hugged Fidèle, and I could feel by her returning grasp that she lived. The water was not unbearably cold as yet; the air that came through cracks and crevasses had not force to overcome the under warmth. I felt something slide against me, clutched and held on. It was a brave pine-log. Could I recover it at this date I would convert it into a flag-staff for the tricolour. It was

our raft, our refuge, and it carried us to safety.

I cannot give the extravagant processes of that long journey. It was all a rushing, swirling dream—a mad race of mystery and sublimity—to which the only conscious periods were wild flitting glimpses of wonderful ice-arabesques, caught momentarily as we passed under fissures that let the light of day through dimly. Gradually a ghostly radiance grew to encompass us, and by a like gradation the water waxed intensely cold. Hope then was blazing in our hearts, but this new deathliness went nigh to quench it altogether. Yet, had we guessed the reason, we could have foregone the despair; for, in truth, we were approaching that shallow terrace of the glacier beyond the fall, through which the light could force some weak passage and the air make itself felt blowing upon the beds of ice.

Well, we survived, and still we survive. My faith, what a couple! Sublimity would have none of us. The glacier rejected souls so commonplace as not to be properly impressed by its inexorability. This, then, was the end. We swept into a huge cavern of ice,—through it, beyond it, into the green valley and the world that we love. And there, where the torrent splits up into a score of insignificant streams, we grounded and crawled to dry land, and sat down and laughed. Yes, we could do it—we could laugh. Is that not bathos? But Fidèle and I have a theory that laughter is the chief earnest of immortality.

To dry land, I have said. *Mon Dieu!* the torrent was no wetter. It rains in the Chamounix valley. We looked to see whence we had fallen, and not even the Chapeau was visible through the mist.

But, as I turned, Fidèle uttered a little cry. "The flask and the sandwich-box, and your poor coat!" "Com-

ment!" I said, and in a moment was in my shirt sleeves. I stared and I wondered, and I clucked in my throat. Holy saints! I was adorned with a breast-plate on my back. The friction of descent, first welding together these the good ministers to our appetite, had worn the metal down in the end to a mere skin or badge, the heat generated from which had scorched and frizzled the cloth beneath it. I needed not to seek further explanation of the pain I had suffered,—was suffering then, indeed, as I had reason to know, when ecstasy permitted a return of sensation. My back bears the scars at this moment.

"It shall remain there for ever," I cried, "like the badge of a *cocher de fiacre*, who has made the fastest journey on record! 'Coachman! from the glacier to the valley.' '*Mais oui, Monsieur*; down this crevasse, if you please.'"

And that is the history of our adventure.

Why we were not dashed to pieces! But that, as I accept it, is easy of elucidation. Imagine a vast crescent moon, with a downward nick from the end of the tail. This form the fissure took, in one enormous sweep and drop towards the mouth of the valley. Now, as we rushed headlong the gentle curve received us from space to substance quite gradually, until we were whirring forward wholly on the latter, my luggage suffering the brunt of the friction. The upward sweep of the crescent diminished our progress,—more and yet more—until we switched over the lower point and shot quietly down the incline beyond. And all this in ample room, and without meeting with a single unfriendly obstacle. *Voilà, mes chers amis, ce qui me met en peine.*

Fidèle laughs, the rogue. "*Ta, ta, ta!*" she says. "But they will not believe a word of it all."

ON THE ABUSE OF DIALECT.

WHAT is the function in literature of dialect, or of what King James the First, writing of his own tongue, calls Upland Speech? Accepting, provisionally, the theory of language which says that we think in words, all dialects may be regarded as expressions of distinct types of character; and as they are less remote from the lowest stratum of speech, so they reflect more vividly than the literary language can do, certain phases of human experience.

The history of all dialects is similar, but for the purposes of illustration we may take the Scottish as typical. Mr. Freeman says:—

The Scottish, that is the northern form of English is, in the strictest sense, a dialect. That is to say, it is an independent form of the language which might have come to set the standard, and become the polite and literary speech, instead of that form of the language to which that calling actually fell. Or rather as long as Scotland was politically distinct from the Southern England, the Northern form of English actually did set the standard within its own range. It was the polite and literary speech within the English-speaking lands of the Scottish kings.

Even then, however, a distinction was made between literary Scotch and vernacular Scotch. Nor was this all. It has been pointed out by trustworthy authorities, that in the sixteenth century written Scotch began to differentiate itself markedly from the common English (Inglish), which was employed at an earlier period throughout the old kingdom of Northumbria. The change is traceable to political causes. An intense feeling of hostility to everything

English set in after the great national disaster at Flodden. The nation was driven in upon itself. A spirit of literary separatism came into play, and patriotic writers made it a boast that they did not write in English but in Scottish, that they had discarded the southern in favour of their own language. This spirit, which has survived to our own time, and obtrudes itself too often in Scottish dialect literature, is a very different thing from the patriotism which inspired Burns to sing a song for Scotland's sake.

What is and what is not classical Scottish, it may be left to students of the dialect to determine. It is sufficient to recognise the fact that there was once a Scottish language which was the literary speech within the English-speaking lands of the Scottish kings. The old conditions cannot be revived. The Reformation and the union of the Crowns made it inevitable that the northern should succumb to the southern form of the common English speech; and Scotch, as it is now spoken and written, cannot be treated as differing from other English dialects in kind. The question whether and to what extent it is admissible in contemporary literature to employ Scotch is to be tested by the same canons as are applied to any similar departure from the literary language.

Long ago (in 1584-5), King James wrote his *ESSAYES OF A PRENTISE IN THE DIVINE ART OF POESIE*, and attempted to lay down rules and cautions (*cautelis*) for the literary use of his mother-tongue. Of these rules there are two which particularly de-

serve attention. The royal critic advises poetic aspirants that if their purpose be of love, they are "to use common language with some passionate words," while, if their purpose be to write of "landward affairs," they ought "to use corruptit and uplandis words."

The first of these rules is sound in principle, and justified by practice. A Scot, when under the influence of strong emotion, resorts instinctively to a purer form of speech than he is in the habit of employing. In his finest songs, and when the element of humour does not enter, Burns approaches pure English in form and phrase. There is, for instance, little or nothing in the diction of MARY MORISON or *AE FOND KISS*, two of the best love-songs ever written, which an Englishman can find difficulty in understanding. Passion dictates pure speech, and tact should tell a lover that it is no compliment to his mistress to court her in the rudest and broadest form of the vernacular. Of the other rule, that, in speaking of landward or rustic affairs, the poet should use corrupt and upland words, the validity is not so apparent. If we take it as meaning that a writer is deliberately to adopt a corrupt form of the language, it is obviously vicious. But that is not the only meaning that can be taken out of it; and if we revert to the doctrine that we think in words, we may discover a sound principle underlying the advice that in writing of rural affairs we should make use of rural speech. The dialect which lives in the mouths of the rural population, whether it be the dialect of Scotland or Cumberland, of Lancashire or Lincoln, of Somersetshire or Devon, reflects a different world from that which is imaged in the standard language.

Landward affairs may be taken as

including not only external nature and man's relation to it, but also rural character and manners. The use of dialect for the description of external nature, is necessarily confined to those who speak it as their native language. The most gifted writer, if his mother-tongue be a dialect which does not embody the best thought of the time, works under limitations. Although within the limits imposed upon him he may approach perfection, he can never attain his fullest development. His spirit is cabined by the speech in which it seeks to image itself. But confined though he be to a dialect of which the growth has been checked, there are some things he may do as well as a writer who uses the standard literary speech. Dialect must inevitably connote less than the standard language; as an expression of all that is meant by mind, it must be less intense. Yet if we recall the fact that the lowest stratum of speech reflects the external universe as primitive man saw it, we shall see how it is possible that a dialect may express more clearly than the standard language the phenomena of nature. A Wordsworth does not see less in nature than a Burns; he sees more; he finds thoughts that lie too deep for tears in the meanest flower that blows. Burns does not; but what he does see is perfectly vivid to him, and has all the qualities of an immediate sensation. And his dialect, like the language of earlier Scottish and English writers, suffices to reflect this direct vision of nature. The mirror is not too small for the object. It is for this reason, perhaps, that critics are so unanimous in acknowledging the adequacy of the Scottish vernacular, in the hands of Burns, as the image of the vivid perception of the objective world. And sometimes they are apt to put extravagantly high the claims of the dialect in this respect.

The late Principal Shairp, in his monograph on Burns, has an interesting passage which may serve as an illustration. "What pure English words," he asks, "could so completely and graphically, describe a sturdy old mare in the plough, setting her face to the furzy braes, as the following :—

Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an'
fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket
Wi' pith an' pow'r,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't an' riskit,
An' slypet owre " ?

Paraphrasing the verse, the Principal makes it read: "Thou didst never fret, or plunge and kick, but thou wouldst have whisked thy old tail, and spread abroad thy large chest, with pith and power, till hillocks, where the earth was filled with tough-rooted plants, would have given forth a cracking sound, and the clods fallen gently over." The paraphrase is purposely bald and cumbrous, and the Principal, who was an accomplished Latin scholar, would have given a much terser version, had he been translating Burns into Latin verse. Bald as it is, it gives a better idea of the sense of the original than many modern Scottish readers themselves can gather even with the assistance of a glossary. What strikes one in Principal Shairp's commentary, however, is the implied theory that the standard English is inadequate to the description of an old mare facing a particularly tough bit of ploughland, and that the dialect best describes the sympathy of the farmer with his faithful, inarticulate friend and fellow-labourer. Without going the length of saying that the idea could not be expressed in good English, the fact that a critic like Shairp thinks so may be accepted as a proof of the power the vernacular exercises over those who are familiar with it. One can

quite appreciate the force of the contention that to Burns the toiling life of the ploughman and his horse was a most vivid experience, and that he has made it live for ever in his vernacular verse as he could not have done had he written in the standard English. Only let us remember that the secret of the power of Burns lies in clear vision and genial sympathy, not in the use of a particular vocabulary. The fact that his genius has made the Scottish dialect immortal is no proof that in other writers the excessive use of upland words is not a blemish.

A lavish use of dialect in narrative and dialogue is a vice akin to the free introduction of technical phrases in a work which is intended to be purely literary. We have a remarkable example of this blemish in Falconer's *SHIPWRECK*; and as Falconer was a Scot, one is tempted to ask whether an excessive love of detail may not be a Scottish failing of which the too liberal employment of the vernacular is only a symptom. Charles Lamb says of the Caledonian: "He brings his total wealth into company and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. His conversation is as a book." In the opening of *THE TEMPEST*, Shakespeare, by a few vivid strokes, paints a ship driving before the wind on a lee-shore.

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly,
my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the top-
sail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow,
till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.
Down with the topmast! yare!
lower, lower! Bring her to try with
main course. . . . Lay her a-hold, a-hold!
set her to courses off to sea again; lay
her off.

There is the scene, and it could not be described without all this sailors' talk of sails and courses. At the same time there is no display of minute knowledge of navigation. Shakespeare says enough to bring

before the mind's eye of seaman and landsman alike the peril of the ship and the efforts of the crew to bring her off; and he succeeds perfectly. Now contrast Shakespeare's brief and graphic sketch with Falconer's elaborate scene. Unlike Shakespeare Falconer makes a most copious use of marine phraseology. In the space of some hundred lines he introduces to our notice, among other items of the fitting of the ship, top-gallant yards, travellers, back-stays, top-ropes, parrels, lifts, booms, reef-lines, halyards, bow-lines, clue-garnets, reef-tackles, brails, head-ropes, and robands. There have been critics who have gone into ecstasies over the most highly nautical passages of this poem, but theirs is an enthusiasm which it is difficult to share. One can understand a seaman, or a seasoned yachtsman, becoming enraptured over Falconer's clue-garnets; and among a people whose love of salt water and tarry ropes is proverbial, there are possibly many to whose ears the jargon of the fore-castle and the marine dictionary is music. That these sea-phrases can be used effectively Shakespeare has shown; but Falconer demonstrated that enough is far better than a feast. Falconer's mistake is excessive circumstantiality, and this is just the error into which vernacular writers, who prize the vernacular for its own sake, are apt to fall. With them the use of dialect tends to become an affectation, a sort of inverted pedantry, an occasion for displaying a knowledge of uninteresting minutiae.

When applied to the description of rustic character and manners, King James's advice is of wider interest than when restricted to the description of external nature, for the use of dialect to portray manners is not confined to those who speak the vernacular. Extending the rule to this usage, we may accept the general

principle that when a thought has been born in dialect, so to speak, dialect is appropriate for its expression. But as no true artist paints everything he sees, no discriminating writer repeats literally everything he hears. Modern writers of Scottish dialect have sinned against this principle, and have neglected to observe that there is a distinction between literary Scotch and vernacular Scotch. The distinction is important. Sir Walter Scott, who may be taken as a model in the use of dialect, is careful to insist upon it, and we imagine the words he puts in the mouth of the Duke of Argyle in *THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN* express his own view. It may be remembered that the Duke eulogising Effie Deans (now become Lady Staunton) says, "She speaks with a Scotch accent, and now and then a provincial word drops out so prettily that it is quite Doric;" and when Butler interposes with the remark that he should have thought that would have sounded vulgar, the Duke replies, "Not at all, you must suppose that it is not the broad coarse Scotch that is spoken in the Canongate of Edinburgh or in the Gorbals." In practice Scott himself observes this difference. He never sinks into Gorbals Scotch. As Mr. Ruskin has pointed out with fine discrimination, he does not, like some modern writers, consider it amusing to indulge in "ugly spellings." He "makes no attempt whatever to indicate accents or modes of pronunciation by changed spelling, unless the word becomes a quite definitely new and scarcely writeable one." He only uses the Scots form of a word when there is a difference between it and English. "There is no lispings, drawling, slobbering, or snuffling; the speech is as clear as a bell and as keen as an arrow; and its elisions and contractions are either melodious (*na*

for *not*, and *pu'd* for *pulled*) or as normal as in Latin verse."

But every Scottish writer is not so skilful as Scott, and the excessive use some of them make of the vernacular in describing rustic manners is apt to repel. The explanation is obvious if we call to mind the dictum, *we think in words*. An excessive use of dialect in this connection involves a minute account of the meaner and more trivial details of common life which are not necessarily worth photographing. A conspicuous example of the jarring effect of a too free use of the vernacular in this way is to be found in a very interesting narrative poem entitled HELENORE, written in the latter half of last century by Alexander Ross of Lochlee. As a pastoral tale HELENORE is admirable: the plot is original and well worked out; and it gives us a valuable insight into the life and customs of a crofter commune, situated on the debatable ground between Highland and Lowland where the conflict between two opposing systems of social ethics was still in the balance; the Highlanders maintaining, in anticipation of Wordsworth's Rob Roy, that right goes with might, and that the booty belongs to the victor, while the Lowlanders take their stand on the principle that the law is protector of the weak. With all his merits Ross is now almost unknown, and the main reason is that his vernacular is unpleasant. Scott, when he quotes him, amends him, and speaks of him as being forgotten even in his day. Had he written in a language less uncouth, his poem might have lived. He wished, as he tells us, to give expression to the sentiments of plain people living in a remote part of the country. The object is laudable enough; but Wordsworth did something of the same kind without finding it necessary to speak the language of

Cumbrian folk, and Ross might have fulfilled his purpose without adopting the coarsest Scottish *patois*. He appears to have erred against his better instinct, for he altered his style upon the advice of a mentor to whom he showed his manuscript. The judgment which this gentleman pronounced might serve as the creed of the Kailyard School. "Your poem, Mr. Ross," the critic is reported to have said, "is beautiful, and you are nearly as good at the English as you are at the Latin. You are trying, I see, to imitate some of those great English poets, but it will not go down just yet to speak of Scotch fashions to Scotch people in the English tongue. Gae awa hame, mon, and turn it into braid Scotch verse; and, gin ye print it, not a jot will my lassies do at their wheel, and some thousands mair like them, till they have read it five or six times over."

Judged by the result, the advice was wrong. The flame of Ross's genius was smothered under the speech he used, whereas had it been fed with the oil of a less outlandish dialect, it might have continued to shed a mild but benignant light over a little known phase of Scottish rural life. It was Ross's misfortune that he had no one to give him an advice similar to that which Charles Lamb gave John Clare. "In some of your story-telling Ballads, the provincial phrases sometimes startle me. I think you are too profuse with them. In poetry *slang* of every kind is to be avoided. There is a rustic Cockneyism, as little pleasing as ours of London. . . . Now and then a home rusticism is fresh and startling; but, when nothing is gained in expression, it is out of tenor. It may make folks smile and stare; but the ungenial coalition of barbarous with refined phrases will prevent you in the end from being so generally tasted as you desire to be." Lamb

was "a scorner of the fields," but, as Wordsworth adds, he was more so in show than truth. He was certainly a more discreet critic than Ross's friend.

Upon the principle that we can look out on infinitude through any loophole, it may be said that one can find an epitome of all humanity in the life of his village. That is the idea, so far as they act by rule, of the extreme school of local and dialect literature. There is undoubtedly some force in it. On the other hand, it is almost certain, that if a man's ears are continually filled with the cackle of his bourg, he will in time become deaf to everything else. A dialect-literature cultivated for its own sake inevitably tends downward to the utterly provincial and parochial.

Shakespeare, in a well-known passage in *KING LEAR*, makes Edgar speak in dialect.

Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. And chud ha' been zaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been so long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder: chill be plain with you. . . . Chill pick your teeth, zir: Come, no matter vor your foins."

The dialect is in this case of course adopted in order to support the peasant's disguise. On the same principle, that amusing rogue, Captain John Creighton, in relating how he ran to earth the hillside men of the West Country, adopts the West Country tongue on occasion. "While the soldiers stayed to refresh their horses in the churchyard," he tells us, "I spied a country fellow going by, and asked him in his own dialect, 'Whither gang ye, this time of night?' He answered, 'Wha are ye that speers?' I replied, 'We are your ane foke.'" This had the desired effect. While Captain John's dialect is not perfect, the idea of it, like Edgar's, is correct. *Friends* from

a stranger lurking about a churchyard at night would have sounded *Enemies*, even to a Westland Whig so guileless as to accept as genuine so poor an imitation of his own tongue. The employment of dialect by Edgar and of West Country Scots by Captain John Creighton is clearly consistent with dramatic fitness. Edgar deceived Oswald by his dress and speech, and there is no other way of indicating the deception than by using the dialect.

It is sometimes charged against modern vernacular writers that they do not distinguish between dialect and corruptions. But the sin is not new. Fluellen wears the leek "upon St. Tavy's day," and tells Henry that all the water in the Wye cannot wash "the Welsh plood out of his pody." "It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud Captains bath," observes Captain Jamy; while Captain Macmorris, in the same play, speaks of the town being "beseeched," and asks, "what ish my nation?" It is but a step from corruptions such as these to the misspelling of Tabitha Bramble, the extraordinary idioms of Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig, and the philological vagaries of the American humorists. Mrs. Gamp offends some fastidious tastes; but where are we to draw the line? "Comparisons are odorous," says Dogberry. "No caparisons, miss, if you please," is Mrs. Malaprop's version of the axiom. "Caparisons don't become a young woman." If we think in words, there is no better way of reproducing the muddle-headedness of a Dogberry or the vacuous conceit of a Malaprop than in words that are no words; but the usage marks the borderland between what is legitimate and what is illegitimate.

In the main, the practice of the best writers confirms the rule that dialect should only be used to convey ideas for the expression of which the standard language is inadequate, and

should be used only to an extent sufficient to mark the individuality of the speaker. Where the use of dialect is really vitalising, where it emphasises a character really worth knowing, it is permissible, but not otherwise. And after all, the experience for which the literary language does not provide sufficient expression is comparatively unimportant. It is a sign of degeneracy in our literature when writers deliberately resort to the grotesque, the archaic, or the vernacular. It is the duty of his countrymen to maintain the credit of the tongue that Shakespeare wrote. We owe far more to it than to any dialect.

It is astonishing that Scotsmen of all people in the world should fail to realise the significance of the fact that the Scottish people, like the English, have done their thinking, not in dialect, but in English, on the most solemn occasions in their lives. For more than two centuries the thoughts which have made Englishmen and Englishwomen what they are, which have made Scotsmen and Scotswomen what they are, have been presented to them in English pure and undefiled. The literary value of the Church-service to the English people has been incalculable; and this is true also of Scotland. In town and country, for generations, Scotch people have heard the Bible read in the church every Sabbath, and many of them used to hear it read twice a day at family exercise. As children they learned by heart the metrical versions of the Psalms and the clean-cut, logical, dogmatic statements of the Shorter Catechism. Their religion, in short, came to them in an English garb. It would be difficult to overestimate the literary importance of this fact. It has had a much profounder influence upon their literature, if they would only think of it, than their songs and ballads, or the story of Wallace, of

which Burns said that it poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into his veins which would continue to boil along there until the floodgates shut in eternal rest. No one can take a just view of the comparative value of the vernacular literature of Scotland who leaves out of sight the important fact, which Scotsmen presumably overlook only because it is so familiar, that the standard English has been to them of far greater value than their own form of speech. It only needs a moment's reflection to prove that there are some things which their dialect cannot accomplish. To an ordinary sober-minded Scotsman it would appear partly grotesque, and partly profane, to state the great verities of his religion in anything but the purest speech. With true insight Sir Walter Scott does not make Mause Headrigg, pronouncedly vernacular though she naturally is, give paraphrases of Scripture in her own dialect. She quotes correctly the Orientalisms of the Old Testament; she gives the very words of the authorised translation, as knowing them familiarly and believing in plenary inspiration.

The ideas capable of being expressed even in the purest dialect which has fallen behind in the race for supremacy, are and must be at best only of second-rate or third-rate value. The Scotsman, equally with the Englishman, is interested in maintaining the dignity of English speech. "The language of world-wide literature," said Dean Stanley, "is the only fitting garb for those eternal and primary principles of which the Grecian poet has said that they have their foundation on high, all-embracing like their parent Heaven, neither did mortal infirmity preside over their birth, nor shall forgetfulness lay them to sleep. There is in them a great divinity that grows not old."

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BY MRS. FRASER.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Mr. Jamieson returned to his own house later in the afternoon, he found a note from Lady Marston, asking him to excuse the informality of an abrupt invitation and to dine at Ryestock that evening.

The fact was that Sir Francis had suddenly intimated to his wife that Jamieson had better come to dinner, as an antidote to Harry whom he disliked with a sound conviction. Lady Marston, after a little demur, decided to give way, if only to keep her husband out of bad temper for the first hours of their cousin's visit. Jimmy, who could not know this and who had been rather hurt at the way in which Lady Marston had ignored him lately, was very much pleased. He took the invitation as a sign of reconciliation, and at once wrote a note to accept it.

Ryestock was not one of those houses where visitors are a matter of course, and where the family is seldom alone for more than the three middle days of the week. Except in the shooting-season, few persons came, and they were chiefly relations of Lady Marston's who wanted change of air, rather uninteresting people on the whole. The arrival of Mr. Surtees was preceded by a certain flutter in the household, and when Kitty went into her room late in the afternoon, she saw that her best frock had been laid out on the bed. That meant that she was to come down to dinner, and be on her best behaviour all the evening.

She was not ill pleased. She had

a vague but pleasant recollection of a visit which Cousin Harry had paid them some years back. He had presented her then with a smart doll for which he sent to town, and with which Kitty had been enraptured until she found that its clothes did not take off and on, as the nursery phrase runs. The further discovery that the body inside them was only pink linen and not properly articulated, gave her an early conviction that Cousin Harry had something radically wrong about him, and was probably a burglar or forger in disguise, though, to tell the truth, she had not, at that age, a very clear perception of the nature of those particular crimes. Apart from that patent deception about the doll she had liked the good-looking, cheery visitor who actually called her father Cousin Francis, and she was not at all sorry that he was coming now. As her hair was being dressed, she reflected that he would probably be of great assistance in bearing the burden of Mrs. Barton's company.

"Hallo," said Roy, coming into her bedroom without knocking, as the maid was pinning his sister's sash, "what a swell! You look horrid with your hair up, though."

In honour of a visitor and late dinner Kitty's long hair had been gathered in a splendid knot at the back of her head, overshadowing the nape of her neck. Her frock was nothing particularly smart, a light thin silk with a bit of white softness round the edge; but it showed a dazzling neck and throat, the latter ringed by a little line of sunburn where the collar had

ceased to protect it. Her arms were very fair and round, but there too, the traitor sun had left his kisses on wrists and hands, for Kitty and gloves were terms which never appeared in conjunction. She was looking at the hands rather ruefully when Roy made his disparaging remark about her hair. That at once recalled her to the need for self-defence. Between these two the skirmishing was generally rudimentary, and chiefly carried on by means of the facile *tu quoque*.

"I suppose you think you're a perfect beauty," retorted Kitty, turning on her brother. "Eton collars, and a feather that never lies down on the top of your head! You look about twelve years old."

"Oh bother," said Roy, indifferently; "nobody ever looks at me. I am going to enjoy my dinner for once, 'cause you'll be so busy with our precious cousin. He's brought a lot of luggage, so I suppose he means to stay. And there's another place put at table; I wonder who else is coming. There's the bell!"

Down they went at full speed and reached the drawing-room door a little out of breath. Roy hung back, and sent his sister in first with a visible push which she had no time to resent, as her mother, sitting near the fireplace, immediately called to her. "Come here, my love, and speak to Mr. Surtees!"

Why *Mr. Surtees*, when he had always been *Cousin Harry* before? Kitty hesitated, but Harry turned and beamed on her with such a smile of recognition and approval that she at once began to like him again. "How do you do?" she said, smiling too, and putting out a hand in greeting.

"I do very old," exclaimed the man. "How you have grown up, Kitty! It makes me feel about ninety to remember——"

"How I used to sit on your knee?" suggested Kitty gravely, unconscious of a gasp from her mother. "That was a very long time ago," said Lady Marston hurriedly, but Kitty took no notice of the interruption and went on. "You did not expect me to grow down, Cousin Harry; and, one way or another, one does a lot of growing between twelve and seventeen, doesn't one?"

"Rather," put in Roy, edging into view from behind his sister; "one's sleeves are always growing up one's arms. How d'ye do, Mr. Surtees?"

"How d'you do, er—Robert," said Harry, holding out his hand to the boy and searching in vain for his name. He knew it began with an R.

"My name is Roy, please," said the youngster, and turning his back on the forgetful Harry, marched across to where Sir Francis stood, looking firmly dissatisfied, on the other side of the fireplace.

Until Kitty appeared, Mr. Surtees had been wondering how on earth he should manage to pass two whole weeks at Ryestock; he had been noting, with a sinking heart, Sir Francis's short speeches and Lady Marston's silly ones, the frown of his host and the smile of his hostess, the unwilling welcome and the overdone hospitality; and he had felt that fourteen evenings and fourteen mornings of this would wear out all desire for rest that he should ever know on this side of the grave. But Kitty made a difference. The moment he had seen her he felt that fortitude would be granted him to face the trial; and in a very short time he found himself weighing mentally the advisability of leaving out that week with his sister in Herefordshire, which was entered as visit number two on his list, and of economising a whole set of tips and a railway journey by just staying quietly on at Ryestock. In

the light of that delightfully pretty face, Sir Francis became only an old-fashioned country gentleman, a bit gruff perhaps, but the real sort, and Lady Marston a simple, good-natured body, who had done all that could be expected of her by society when she brought such a complexion as Kitty's into the world.

His satisfaction was slightly marred by the entrance of Jamieson, who arrived a little late. The careless, cheerful greeting bestowed on him by Kitty made Harry feel chilly. Evidently they were on the most intimate terms; but Harry took comfort from the defective cut of Jimmy's coat collar, which was at least two years out of the fashion. It is something to know that one's own dress is irreproachably, crushingly correct.

Open-air people never appear at their best within four walls; and certainly, so far as dress went, Jimmy looked much better in his rough morning clothes than in an evening coat. Also he was a little shy of Sir Francis and Lady Marston, and felt something very like sympathy with Roy, who came and stood beside him and tried furtively to smooth down that irrepressible feather on the top of his head. At dinner, however, he sat near Kitty, and her sunny presence quite made up for having Lady Marston on his other side.

Kitty herself, enjoying her dinner with the appetite of seventeen, tempered by the slight sense of awe with which the late meal, her best frock, and all those hairpins in the back of her head still inspired her, was quite unconscious of the meaning of Cousin Harry's benignant glances, which became almost tender after the third glass of that ponderous Burgundy in which Sir Francis delighted. Mr. Surtees had never been seen in the family to such advantage. He even melted Sir Francis into laughter, and

nearly caused Roy to choke dangerously by some irresistibly funny (but quite proper) stories. Jimmy, who had not been drawn towards him at first, joined in the applause and wished without envy that he could amuse people like that. Kitty thought he was much nicer than she remembered him, and, womanlike, decided that she must have made a mistake about the doll after all, and that he had been as much deceived as she was. By which it will be seen that Miss Marston, like most charming people, arrived at the right conclusion regardless of how she got there. Only Lady Marston, after the manner of provincial hostesses, was too much pre-occupied with the serving of the dinner to laugh properly at Harry's funny stories; but the others were so appreciative that it did not make any difference.

"Do you like sailing, Mr. Surtees?" asked Roy in a pause. He could not make up his mind to call the visitor Cousin Harry; it sounded like Sandford and Merton somehow.

"Oh I hope you do," exclaimed Kitty before Harry had time to make up his mind whether he did or not. "I have a half-decked cutter, such a beauty! She sails all but in the wind, and I beat Jimmy in the Minx last Saturday all to nothing." She glanced at Jimmy for corroboration and he nodded his head, smiling.

"Bridle says she's the best boat he ever turned out," exclaimed Roy; "but as to licking the Minx, that's all rubbish, Kit. Jimmy just let you."

"Nothing of the sort, Roy," said Jimmy, appearing much in earnest. "The Midget walked away from us."

"Do you do much boating?" inquired Harry of Lady Marston, who did not hear him at first. She was beaming with relief to find that the new cook understood aspic. In a minute the sense of his words reached

her through her surrounding wall of pre-occupation. "I beg your pardon, I was not answering you," she said. "No, I have no time for that sort of thing; but Mr. Jamieson is very kind, and Roy goes out sailing with him sometimes."

"Oh Mother," protested the boy; "if you said, 'he and Kitty sometimes take Roy,' it would be much more like it!"

"That is all over now," said his mother hurriedly and in a low voice. "When Kitty was a child it was different, of course." And she glanced at Jimmy disapprovingly.

"Oh, was it?" began the irrepressible Roy, and then he caught Kitty's eyes threatening him with unknown terrors, and stopped.

"I should like sailing awfully with you, Kitty," began Harry, when this breeze of family discussion died down. He was feeling colder and colder. Jimmy's name and Jimmy's presence had a most discouraging effect, but he resolved to stand up to it like a man. "Will you take me out to-morrow?" he went on, leaning forward, and looking into her eyes with an expression which he usually kept for the third stage of a flirtation.

The glance was lost on her, for she was helping herself to a most alluring spoonful of streaked ice, but she answered briskly: "Yes, of course. There will be a good stiff breeze; the sky was all mares' tails at sunset. I'll take you round Morelock Head after breakfast."

"I do not mind where we go," murmured Harry, repeating that tender glance with great effect. Kitty was looking at him this time, and Sir Francis was making some remark to Mr. Jamieson across the table, so Harry ventured on an undertone. "I will go anywhere with you, Kitty; you may take me to a desert island if you like."

"Done with you," replied Kitty, nodding gravely, in spite of a gleam in her eye and a dimple in her cheek. "I know of a capital one just handy. I suppose you will want some lunch; one cannot always get back just to the minute, you know. We will go to-morrow."

"Please do not make any appointments for to-morrow, Kitty," put in Lady Marston's cold voice. "I have invited the Harcourt girls to lunch, you know; and Cousin Harry will have to pay one or two visits with me, I am afraid."

There were various small festivities impending in the neighbourhood, and Lady Marston must present Master Harry and get invitations for him. It was something, in that populously petticoated country side, to have a real young man from town to trot out. The other dowagers need not know that he was impecunious; Lady Marston had invited him for a little purpose of her own, and a flirtation with Kitty was quite outside its scope.

This little purpose was disclosed after dinner when Lady Marston firmly indicated to Harry that he was to take a seat beside her on the sofa, although his eyes were wistfully following the rest of the party as they wandered out to drink their coffee on the lawn.

"I never can sit out in the evening on account of my neuralgia," explained the hostess. "And to tell the truth, Harry, I am rather glad to have you to myself a little; there are so many things I want to talk to you about."

"You do me too much honour, Cousin Alicia," replied Mr. Surtees curtly. "Well, here I am. What is it?"

Twenty years of married life had not taught Lady Marston to leave serious subjects alone for at least an hour after dinner. She had, however,

the calm happiness of the obtuse who never know when one is cross with them, and she prepared to be confidential.

"Well, to begin with," she sighed, "it is about Kitty. You see——"

Mr. Surtees was at attention instantly. "I see she is a particularly pretty, jolly little girl," he declared. "I shouldn't think you could be very unhappy about her."

"Unhappy, no, but most anxious; as of course a mother must be, about her future, you know."

"Early days for that, isn't it?" said the unwilling oracle on the sofa.

"I was married at her age," said Lady Marston.

"Why do they always tell one that lie?" thought Harry, but he only said: "Really! But you see, girls marry later now, Cousin Alicia, don't they?"

"That was not so very long ago," snapped Cousin Alicia; "but to return to Kitty. You see, we live altogether in the country; Sir Francis won't live anywhere else. But Kitty ought to be taken out; she must be presented next year, and I should like her to see something of society, to have a chance of making a suitable marriage, in fact."

"Quite so," assented Harry, wondering what she was heading for. She could hardly ask him to chaperone Kitty in town, he thought.

"And," went on Kitty's mother, "there is nobody,—if you will believe me, Harry, absolutely nobody she can marry here. All our neighbours are married couples or old maids."

"Which is Mr. Jimmy, if that's his name?" inquired Harry.

"Oh well, Harold Jamieson doesn't count. He is always on the water, and they have known each other all their lives, and would never dream of getting up a romance, you know. Besides, I said a *suitable* marriage;

this man is not at all well off, and yet know Kitty will have a good deal of money."

"The deuce she will!" exclaimed Harry to his own heart. "And ^{that} is that? I thought everything went to the boy," he said quietly. This tiresome conversation was becoming interesting at last.

"Kitty inherits her grandmother's fortune," replied his companion; "not millions, you know, but a very comfortable income."

Harry saw here an opportunity which might not occur again. He might as well know what Lady Marston meant by a comfortable income. "Life is fearfully expensive, my cousin," he said, and a little incredulous smile came over his face. "What was a fortune in Kitty's grandmother's time amounts to a society girl's allowance now. Everything is so changed!"

"I fancy very few society girls, as you call them, can afford to spend three thousand a year on dress," said Lady Marston impressively.

"I humbly beg pardon," apologised Harry; "that certainly may be called an income. I would not say anything about it if I were you," he added, looking into her face with much seriousness. "It will only bring a lot of adventurers and fortune-hunters after her."

"Exactly," replied the lady; "but you see what I mean, Harry. With Kitty's looks and her money, I think I have a right to expect her to make a very good marriage, but then, too, of course, she must see the right sort of people. And that is where I want you to help me. You know everybody, and you could make it so easy for us if you would speak to a few people and get the necessary invitations for us, when I bring her to London next spring."

"I suppose you would take a house

a town, and come for the whole season," suggested Harry dubiously.

"I should like to," sighed Lady Marston; "but you know what Sir Francis is, Harry. He won't come himself, and he will growl at the expense, and probably refuse to let us go at all. No, if nobody will lend us a house, ——" here she looked at Harry as if she thought he carried Mayfair in his pocket.

"Then?" inquired Harry, raising his eyebrows.

"Two rooms even, would be quite enough for Kitty and me," suggested Lady Marston still looking at him.

"You old pirate," he thought, "you mean to borrow my chambers. By Jove, you'd have some queer visitors!" He could not help laughing at a picture which suddenly became distinct to his mind's eye.

"You seem amused," said Lady Marston suspiciously.

"Only delighted at the prospect of seeing you in London next spring," he purred; "you and Kitty must come and have tea with me at my rooms. Yes, of course I can manage some nice invitations for you, and you'll get plenty for your own sake as soon as people have seen you."

"Oh, do you think so?" exclaimed Lady Marston, flushing red with pleasure.

"And as to rooms," went on Harry, "I'll get you a nice suite at one of the private hotels. How Kitty will enjoy herself, won't she!"

"Taking my name in vain?" asked Kitty, her rosy face looking in at the window. "Come along and see the moon rise, Cousin Harry. Papa says you must be dying to smoke by this time."

Harry rose and followed her out. As they stood for an instant on the flags of the terrace, inhaling the damp sweetness of the summer night, something like a resolve formed itself in

Harry's mind. Why should Lady Marston torment her maternal heart as to Kitty's future? He would see if he could not lay her cares to rest. Why should he not win and marry this charming little cousin?

CHAPTER VII.

LADY MARSTON hesitated for a moment as to whether it were her duty to follow Kitty and Harry into the garden and see that they at once rejoined Sir Francis. It was no part of her plan to allow a flirtation to spring up between those two. But she was rather a lazy woman; her seat was her favourite one, with a soft cushion in the back; Kitty seemed to have taken the right view of middle-aged cousin Harry, and there was really no necessity for her mother to trouble herself. So Lady Marston settled down comfortably in her chair, put on her glasses, and carefully opened a book at the place where a piece of string showed that she had left off reading the dull biography of a certain noble lady. The book was thick and smartly bound, and recorded events which had stirred the world, but had not for an instant disturbed the placid self-complacency of the writer. Lady Marston had fallen asleep over it every night for three months, but held manfully to her intention of finishing it some day. To-night her thoughts wandered sadly, and a calmly evangelical description of the Indian mutiny became mixed with reflections about Harry. How nice he was, how he seemed to understand all her feelings, what a help he would be in London! It was true, he might have offered her his charming rooms; but then he was in bad health, poor fellow, at least so he said, and must have his little comforts of course. His hair was getting somewhat thin, and his figure was not

quite what it used to be. Kitty would never be attracted by a man of his age, oh dear no, there was no danger *there!* Here Harry suddenly turned into a viceroy and then into an English baby saved by a black ayah; and then Lady Marston's eyes closed, and her mouth opened, and her gentle breathing shook the silent room.

Outside, in the dewy garden, almost the thing she feared was taking place. Sir Francis had sauntered down a broad rose-walk towards one of the gates, and Jamieson, who was longing for a little more talk with Kitty, had felt obliged to accompany him. Roy, behind them, was sniffing aromatic puffs of their cigars, and counting up how many summer holidays must come and go before he could join in that pleasant pastime at home. As for smoking at school, that didn't count, except when he got caught.

As Kitty came out with Harry she saw the other three walking unconcernedly away from her, and a little spark of pique was kindled in her heart. How little they seemed to care whether she came back to them or not! She would much rather have wandered up and down with Harold Jamieson than with Harry; but ever since woman was woman, the sweet daughters of Eve have found it more amusing to roam on a summer evening with one man than with three or four, especially if two of the company are papa and a younger brother. It is surprising to any girl to note how the presence of even the nicest of her relations on these occasions puts a stop to all reasonable conversation. The most delightful man becomes dumb, and her own polite little attempts to talk fall as flat as the jokes in a pantomime. But let two people only saunter together in the fragrant dusky paths, and what an amazing amount there is to say!

Kitty could not have said why she

whisked down a deep shrubby path just at that moment, unless a certain little note of irritation meant that if the others wanted her they might just come and look for her. There is always an invisible imp waiting to lead poor women into mischief, even where the right road is unmistakable. Kitty's clear duty was to take Harry to papa and remain in demure attendance herself; therefore she turned quickly away from the lawn, and in a moment she and her delighted cousin were lost to view under the long arches of the fruit-bowers where so many peaches had been picked in the morning.

"By Jove," said Harry to himself, "you are not so simple as you look, Miss Kitty! That was neatly done."

"Did you speak?" said Kitty turning round as her dress caught on a branch.

"I was only thinking how nice this is," said Harry in caressing tones, "and how awfully good it is of you to come."

"Is it?" said Kitty. "I like it myself, you know. It is so cool and nice after that stuffy dining-room. Mother will not have any windows open, and I am sure there will be three simultaneous attacks of apoplexy some day after the soup."

"Roy did look rather purple," laughed Harry; "but you seemed all right. Don't you want to know how you looked?"

"I hope I was not purple, and that I had no smuts on my nose," replied Miss Marston anxiously; "I very often have, you know."

"Your nose looked like,—oh dear, —like anything cool, and white, and perfectly charming," whispered Harry. He thought he might go as far as that, for she did not seem to be at all shy.

"Dear me," said Kitty, "I am very glad. I don't know of anything

else that answers to that description except cocoanut-candy, or lemon-ice."

"Do you like cocoanut-candy?" inquired Harry, trying to see down to Kitty's horizons. "I'll send to town for a box for you."

"Do," said Kitty earnestly; "only make it marrons glacés, please, if you don't mind, because I can get the other thing at the post-office. Come in here and sit down."

They had reached one of the hive-like arbours at the end of the alley and sat down in its rustling recess.

"Better and better," thought Harry, "I really think I might venture,—hullo, what's this?"

The last part of the speech was said aloud and by way of exclamation, for a large soft lump of something woolly fell heavily on Mr. Surtees's beautiful nose, and for a moment he was struggling blindly with enveloping folds of flannel. It was Kitty's red dressing-gown which had been so hurriedly put to bed in an apple-tree that morning, and which Harry had shaken from the branch as he sat down. He emerged at last with his hair considerably ruffled, and anger in his eyes. Kitty was shaking with laughter.

"Oh poor Cousin Harry," she cried; "you didn't look a bit cool, or white, or charming wrapped up in all that flannel! Don't be frightened, it's only a— a cloak of mine. I hang it up here when I don't want it, you know, and I,—I had forgotten it was there."

"Oh, had you?" exclaimed Harry, angry still, standing up before her. "I believe you did it on purpose, you,—you horrid, unkind little cousin!"

There was something too familiar in his tone, or else Kitty was tired of him, for she said quietly: "I am sorry you were startled, Cousin Harry. It was stupid of me not to remember it was there. I wonder if you would

take it up to the schoolroom for me, the second door on the first landing? I am so tired."

Harry hesitated a moment and then picked up the garment, reflecting that he could smooth a cherished top curl over the right spot before he came out again.

"I shall find you here when I come back!" he said as he turned to go.

"I dare say," said Kitty, meekly; "thanks awfully for taking the cloak."

"What can have become of Kitty?"

Sir Francis asked, pulling up suddenly and turning round. He had just remembered that she had gone to call Mr. Surtees out and had not returned.

"Roy," he continued, "go and see if your sister is in the drawing-room."

Roy ran back to the house, while the two men stood still in the path and looked after him.

"Is your cousin going to stop long, Sir Francis?" asked Jimmy in a constrained voice.

"Don't know, I'm sure," replied Sir Francis crossly; and then no more was said till Roy returned, more slowly than he had gone.

"No, she's not there, Sir," he called out as he approached. "Where's Surtees?" asked his father facing round and throwing his cigar away.

"He's not there either, Sir," said Roy unwillingly. The Governor seemed put out about something, he thought.

Sir Francis strode off without another word, and Jimmy and Roy were left facing each other.

"What on earth is the Governor so waxy about?" asked Roy. "I am sure she is close by. I shall go and look for her." And away he darted after Sir Francis. Jimmy watched him go, but did not offer to follow. It was none of his business to interfere with Kitty if she preferred some people's society to—other people's. He would go in and say good-night to Lady Marston and walk home. A

great round moon had risen, and almost seemed to be laughing at him, which was unkind, for he felt not at all like laughing himself. So he too went back to the house.

There was no one in the drawing-room except Lady Marston, who sat up very straight and tried to look very wide-awake when Jimmy diffidently asked to be excused because he was starting for Torquay very early the next morning; there was a race coming off which he was anxious to see. Lady Marston was quite willing to excuse him, and to ask Sir Francis to do the same. She put him down as "just a little rough" in her own mind, and had no sympathy with the divine unreadiness of youth. Promise was nothing in her eyes; she liked everything ready made.

Rather sadly Jimmy left the house and walked down the avenue, wondering why Kitty had seemed less kind by the evening light than she had in the midday sun and breeze,—less kind, but not less fair. To his simple eyes she looked like a dream of beauty in her white dress and her shy new dignity. He remembered her, so many years ago, a little round-eyed girl with fuzzy hair, who had been very much hurt because he, a full-blown schoolboy, had contemptuously refused tea out of doll's cups when he was taken to pay a visit at Ryestock. He remembered now how sorry he had been that people had to take their hats off when they went to pay visits, for he had just got his first tall hat! Precious discomfort, how few joys in life had equalled that one!

As Jimmy came out from the Ryestock gates, he turned and walked a little way under the wall which bounded the grounds towards the road. A little further on a path turned off at a sharp angle and ran under the hedge which marked the boundary of the park towards the south. Below

it was a wide dip of rolling fields, a green fringe of trees at the foot, and beyond that the glistening sands, and the sea. As he came in sight of it he stood still, rapt out of himself, drinking in the calm of the night and listening to the oldest chant in the world. The wind-swept ocean, unheard by day, was filling the air with its rhythmic music, the wave whispering low as it leisurely gathered its strength far off under the stars; singing soft and full in the ever quickening rush towards land; mounting, toppling, quivering in a magic network of changing lines as it crossed the spreading silver of the bay, pausing, poised at the leap, ere it burst from those mystic bands, to crash on the shore with a roar of triumph and tumble its garnered snow and molten silver in one spendthrift flood, to fling high a thousand veils of film that broke in showers of jewels on the air,—and at last, sobbing, sighing, grating slow over each stone and pebble of the sands, to sink back like a lover torn from his beloved, and be sucked away in the under darkness as the next great billow came hurrying in from the sea.

Jimmy had seen it a thousand times before, but it stirred him like unknown beauty first beheld. All small anxieties and hurts were smoothed and healed in that luminous wash of air, and the lonely music called his heart from longings which set it fluttering, and tuned its beatings to the wordless songs of peace. He leaned back against the bank; from its crowning hedge long wreaths of honeysuckle hung and swept his cheek with their cool, perfumed clusters; an oak rustled over his head; a ghostly little rabbit rushed from out the bank, sat up for an instant in the moonlit grass, and then scudded across to the next hollow in the hill. Jimmy stood breathless; he had heard the sound which had

sent bunny flying, but felt no wish to follow. Down the walk behind his hedge it came, a light young footstep pausing now and again, sauntering slowly nearer, and bringing low notes of a broken song in their train. Then Jimmy's heart threw off the yoke of the night and began to beat in deafening iteration of joy, because she was there.

Oh we found you at the last, Caithlin! High and pure rang the young voice on the empty night. Kitty always moved to her own music, like a lark on the wing, but to-night she was singing out of the fulness of a yet unchristened love. She had felt that breathless need for solitude, for starlight, for silent flowers, and soft dropping dew, which comes as a new sweet hunger when the heart's rose bursts to life. She had slipped away, not dreaming that others were seeking her, and had come instinctively to the furthest bourne of her home's domain to say good-night to her old friend, the sea.

A few steps beyond where Jimmy was standing, a break in the hedge, a little stile on its crest, and a few worn foot-holes made an opening to the meadow's slope. The ballad ceased, and then in a flood of moonlight Kitty stood, with one hand on the stile, a frame of dark branches all around her throwing out her light figure in sudden whiteness from the leafy background. Her dress gave back the sheeny radiance in broken folds as she gathered it together, her head was raised and her eyes deep and satisfied with the beauty she had come to seek.

Jimmy could hold back no longer, and made a step forward into the light with outstretched hands. The girl started and looked round. He reached her at a stride.

"Don't go," he cried, looking up into her face with a new light in his eyes.

"I must go back," she said, bending her head towards him from her green shrine.

"No, you must not," said he growing bolder, and taking a fold of her dress in his fingers; "or if you do, you must go this way!"

She stood irresolute. Her worshipping still held the hem of her robe and gazed up at her face. She tried to pull her dress away; he saw her little feet peeping out from beneath it, and with a quick impulse, bent his head and kissed them passionately, while Kitty, trembling, crimson-cheeked, stooped over him with her hand on his shoulder to push him off. Then he sprang up beside her, his young manhood on fire, but she turned and fled up the garden walk where Roy's voice was heard calling to her. She flew past him without speaking, and ran back to the house as fast as those much honoured little feet would carry her.

When Mr. Surtees left Kitty he had obediently climbed to the school-room, where an injured-looking housemaid was reducing chaos to order. He did not notice her where she knelt on the floor before a music-stand, and she looked at him in amazement as he carefully hung Kitty's old dressing-gown over a chair whence the sleeves swept the ground. With his eyeglass he examined the queer garment a little more closely, and then turned red as the flannel when he found Emma Jane's stony gaze fixed upon him. From that he fled, and a few moments later returned to the secluded spot where Kitty was to wait for him.

Of course she was not there, and when after some aimless wanderings in the unfamiliar grounds, he at last rejoined Sir Francis and Lady Marston in the drawing-room, the young people had been sent to bed. Harry sought his own couch a little

later with the irritating consciousness that he had been laughed at by a "particularly pretty, jolly little girl" whom it might finally be his clear duty to marry, if only to save her from the unscrupulous ineligible whom even her little bit of money would certainly attract around her. She was somewhat wild and untamed yet, it was true, but how much nicer than the women who knew everything, and had to sit in shaded rooms on account of their terribly experienced complexions! How tired he was of them, and how lucky to have landed on this pretty, dowered child before anybody else had so much as heard her name! As he put out the light he mentally said farewell, a long farewell, to Mrs. Ebford Barton and her kind for ever.

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY MARSTON, in continuance of her plan for keeping her fidgety husband in a good temper, or at any rate out of a decidedly bad one, avoided all mention of Mrs. Barton's name when the family met at breakfast the next day. This was now a mercifully late meal in honour of the guest,—not the half-past eight o'clock penance of porridge and tough toast to which Kitty was condemned in lesson-times, and which was the only standing hardship of her life. Prayers had been read in iron tones by Lady Marston to the assembled household, prayers which were not accompanied by much devotion, and were regarded by the younger members of the family as merely conferring a kind of official permission to begin the day.

The ceremony took place in the library, and Kitty and Roy scuttled out with unseemly haste the moment Lady Marston raised her head from her hands. Harry and Sir Francis

were already in the porch discussing the weather as the two joined them.

Harry had forgiven Kitty last night's desertion, and began a reconciliation at once. "Just the day for the desert island," he said, when they had shaken hands. "You will remember your promise, won't you?"

"No sailing to-day, Kit," said her father; "the wind has changed; we are going to have a blow." Sir Francis was keeping a sharp ear open for Master Harry's tender speeches. If he found any nonsense going on he would bundle him out, cousin or no cousin.

"Those odious Harcourt girls are coming to lunch," said Kitty, with a line between her eyebrows. Some reaction from last night's emotions was making her very quiet this morning.

"And that odious Mrs. Bombazine is coming to-night," growled Roy beside her. "Nice kind of day they have laid out for us, haven't they?"

"Come in to breakfast," said Lady Marston, appearing at the window of the dining-room and filling it generously. A true economist, she always wore out her old silk dresses in the morning. To-day it was a threadbare black satin with half the bugles gone out of the jet trimming, and with a vanquished ruffle straggling round the neck. A horrid idea came into Harry's mind; would Kitty look like her mother in the long years to come? She was as crisp as a new daisy now, in her white frock and her tan shoes; surely she would never spread into such a shapeless wreck as that?

As I said before, Mrs. Ebford Barton's name was not mentioned at breakfast, and Harry rose from that meal in happy ignorance of the blow which awaited him. Sir Francis carried him off and kept him occupied, or at least tied, all the morning; while Kitty and Roy, contrary to their habit, passed some hours very soberly in the schoolroom.

"Holiday-tasks, Mother," sighed Roy, when Lady Marston beamed on them, well pleased, from the open door.

"That's right! How sensible of you," she said, and shutting it, passed on her way.

"Why do you waste such a lot of fibs?" asked Kitty of her brother, sternly. "That one may be wanted another time."

"Oh I'll find another next time," he replied lightly. "We didn't want Mother poking about here and looking into these drawers, did we?"

"Well, no," assented Kitty, "I don't suppose we did. Why do you want the sides sewed up? I should think a hole for the head would be quite enough."

And from the large table-drawer, where the copybooks were accustomed to keep house with the guinea-pigs, Kitty drew a folded white thing which she shook out and held up at arm's length before her. It was an old table-cloth doubled to make a mantle, with an opening roughly cut in the middle for a head to pass through. Long folds fell on the ground, and on one side a black, and on the other a scarlet cross traversed its entire length and breadth. Roy eyed it critically.

"Better sew the sides," he said; "they have a way of flying open, and showing what the Crusader's made of. Where's the cotton? I'll help."

Kitty threaded two very long needles and they settled to their work with as much gravity as if they had been sewing a shroud.

"What a pace you go, Kit," said Roy, looking over at Kitty's seam despondently. She was a yard away from the starting-post, and he had only got his needle in three times, with various marks of gore in its track.

"Of course I do," said Kitty; "but

I suppose you'll tell Papa you can lick me at sewing, just as you do at everything else. Great conceited——"

"Don't hit a chap when he's down, Kit! I've laid all my fingers open,—look."

"That will add to the horror of the apparition," said Kitty, unsympathetically. "I was thinking of putting a few splashes of red ink about; it looks too clean."

"First-rate!" said Roy, who was of a forgiving turn of mind. "If you'll do my seam, I'll do the splashing. Where's the paste-brush?"

"Wait till I've done," said Kitty, sewing away for dear life. Roy watched her with his chin in his hands. Suddenly he looked up, his eyes shining with excitement.

"I say," he exclaimed, "couldn't we get Mr. Surtees to help? It takes two people to do it properly. When we did it at school, I sat on another fellow's shoulders, and I looked about eight feet high. Didn't the matron squeak just! We climbed up under her window and caught her at her evening nip."

"But her room was on the ground floor," objected Kitty. "You can't get at Mrs. Barton that way, because all the bedrooms are upstairs. It is a pity, though." And Kitty bit off the end of her thread with her white teeth, and contemplated her work with satisfaction.

"There's a balcony," said Roy; "it runs all round those rooms, from one end to the other; it's perfectly safe. We'll give her fits. The first time she won't see all the Crusader, only the end of his gown whisking past her window as she comes in. She'll persuade herself it was all imagination till he looks over her shoulder while she's doing her hair."

"But where will you run to, Roy? You'll be caught for certain."

"There are three doors to her room,

and if I can't get out at one of them quicker than Mrs. Bombazine she's welcome to catch me." And the imp grinned happily.

"Well, and then?" said his sister, whose appetite for mischief was terribly robust.

"Ah, then comes the third visitation," replied the boy; "and that will send her off, you'll see. A regular midnight horror walking round her bed, clanking chains, groaning dismally, and going off in thin smoke. Oh Jerusalem, I wish I were doing it now! But I must have somebody to carry me; I am not half tall enough."

"I'll carry you," said the girl.

"No thank you, Miss," cried Roy, "I know you. You'd drop me down at the old girl's feet and bolt. No, I must have another man."

"Where is the first coming from, two-feet-three?" enquired Kitty superciliously; and then she had to dodge wildly, to save her head from various missiles which were launched at her from a practised hand in reply to this insult.

"Oh, shut up, Roy," she exclaimed at last; "this is business, can't you understand? Wouldn't Jimmy help?" She sewed very diligently and reddened a little as she spoke his name.

"No, indeed," said Roy, "there's much more chance of getting Mr. Surtees. Jimmy's awfully stiff about what he thinks good form, and he and I never agree about practical jokes."

"I expect Cousin Harry would be stiffer," said Kitty.

"Not a bit," declared Roy; "I'm sure he's the sort of man to do anything if he was perfectly certain he would not be found out. You ask him, Kit; he's awfully gone on you."

"Thank you," replied Kitty. "Remember, I have nothing to do with this business, and I did not know what you wanted the sheet sewn up for, or anything. I'm grown up, if you please; I have my hair done up already and go down to dinner; and if you want help from Mr. Surtees, as you call him, you must go and ask him yourself."

"I suppose I shall have to," sighed Roy in mock resignation, but there was a twinkle in his eye which Kitty would have done well to mark. She was carefully folding up the Crusader, and when she had put him far away at the back of a deep drawer, she cleared up all scraps which could suggest questions, and ran off to her room to get ready for lunch.

When she was gone Master Roy danced a little jig all by himself and chuckled. "Ask for myself indeed! So I will, Miss Kitty; I am going to pay you out for once. Two-feet-three indeed!"

In spite of her fencing with Roy and her readiness to help him carry out his nefarious plans, Kitty was moving in a dream to-day, though she seemed unchanged in the eyes of those who lived nearest to her. When she was alone in her own room she stood for a moment gazing out with eyes that saw more than the landscape, for they shone like happy stars through a tender veil of moisture, and some whisper at her heart brought the blood to her cheeks and quicker breath through her parted lips. Then she turned and made her little preparations in a very business-like way without letting herself stop to think any more, and in a few minutes ran downstairs to meet her guests.

(To be continued.)

LANDSCAPE IN POETRY.¹

"WHAT a charming title" will be the exclamation of every one who reads the announcement of the work before us; and the reader, we hasten at once to say, will find the book to possess all the captivating qualities which its title promises. He will find all poetic literature, from Homer to Tennyson, laid under contribution by a scholar of proved and acknowledged taste and judgment. He will have an anthology of hundreds, possibly thousands, of passages selected as illustrating the attitude of successive ages towards the external world, and full of beauty and delight, quite apart from the question whether they really illustrate that attitude or not. We hope we shall not be called ungrateful to Mr. Palgrave, or unappreciative of the boon which he has conferred on us, if we say at once that many of the passages cited seem to us to have very little bearing on the question, "How did this or that nation or epoch regard Nature and the external world?" We are not, indeed, ungrateful; on the contrary, we feel that we owe him hearty thanks for a beautiful anthology. But we think that a different method should have been adopted, if his aim had been rather to show how landscape has acted on poetry than to illustrate how poets have dealt with landscape; and we hold that the former would have been, in the language of Bacon, the more light-bearing (luciferous) inquiry.

Mr. Palgrave has approached the question historically, and culled from

the poets innumerable elevated, or merely pretty, passages in which poets have dealt with landscape either in describing the scene of an incident narrated, or allusively and figuratively to enhance the vigour or effectiveness of a sentiment or reflection. It seems to us that none of such passages have any bearing on the question, how Nature has influenced poetry. If a poet says that the arrows fell like snowflakes, he no more shows a sympathy with Nature in her wintry moods than he betrays an interest in astronomy or archery if he describes something as shaped like a half-moon or like a bow. When Homer compares Penelope's tears to the streams that flow down the mountain side when the snow is melted, he is no more under the influence of Nature than Tennyson was when he wrote:—

I would have said, "Thou canst not know,"
But my full heart that work'd below,
Rain'd thro' my sight its overflow.

The only difference is that Homer, after the usage of his age and his own manner, goes into fuller detail, just as when he compares the jarring of a heavy and rusty bolt to the roaring of a bull, which he then goes on to describe as roaming through the flowery meads. Again, direct narration is out of court. When Virgil says of Dido, in the passage so exquisitely rendered by Tennyson, that she

Ever fail'd to draw
The quiet night into her blood,

he is far more under the influence of Nature than when he paints those

¹LANDSCAPE IN POETRY; by Francis T. Palgrave, late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. London, 1897.

pretty landscapes, many of which are quoted by Mr. Palgrave; because in the one case we see that the spirit of the night has been felt by him, and that it has unconsciously influenced his diction; while in the other case we find only the conscious artist engaged in the necessary task of unfolding or embellishing his narrative.

Nothing is more invidious than to complain that a writer has not done what he never attempted to do, especially when he has done what he has attempted excellently well. Probably, indeed, Mr. Palgrave's book is really far more interesting than it would have been if he had sought to find out the true relation of the external world to different epochs and to different individuals. A pharmacopœia would be, perhaps, better reading if it passed over many healing herbs to linger rather among the lovely "flowers that the dædal earth puts forth." Yet an attempt to deal more directly with the question of the influence of landscape on poetry would have its own interest. It would be a difficult feat; but few are better equipped to essay it than Mr. Palgrave. It would have to be treated not inductively but deductively, and by analysis rather than synthesis. It would be requisite to discard the historic method, and to devise certain categories or principles, to serve as a framework for a discussion which would tend to be vague and hard to keep within compass. Perhaps among them might stand the questions,—How far is Nature *felt*, not merely described? How far is she appealed to in love and sympathy, and not merely in the interests of clearness or of ornament? How far is she analysed with a poet's minute keenness of observation, as contrasted with the obvious reflections of an ordinary observer, however beautified by style and diction? Again, does

Nature sympathise with grief or mock at it? Is mental suffering more grievous amid beautiful or sordid surroundings? We fancy that the answer to most of these questions would go far to show that until quite modern times the influence of the external world on the mind of the poet was insignificant, or did not exist at all. We cannot fancy an ancient poet saying anything like Tennyson's—

On the bald street breaks the blank day;

or Burns's—

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!;

or Lord Lytton's (Owen Meredith's)—

The day comes up above the roofs
All fallow from a night of rain.

Readers of Mr. Palgrave's excellent chapter on the *Later Roman Epic* and the *Elocutio Novella* will see that at that epoch Latin poetry was making a closer approach to the modern spirit than was ever made by classical Latin poetry or by Greek or Medieval. But, unless we are mistaken, between the ancient and the modern spirit there is a great gulf fixed. An anthologist, it is true,—Meleager, of the Syrian Gadara (about 100 B.C.)—asks the meadows why they laugh in vain,

Λειμῶνες τί μάταια κόραις ἐπι
φαιδρὰ γελᾶτε;

but it is only for the frivolous reason that they are so much less radiant than Zenophilé. But what Greek or Latin or Hebrew poet, not to talk of Celtic and other bards whom we are surprised that the lecturer mentioned at all, could have said with Shelley:

I love snow and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves and winds and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by Man's misery!

Which of them had a heart that
"danced with the daffodils" or was in
love with the "sweet jargonings" of
"all the little birds that are"?

Considerations like these seem to have sometimes suggested themselves to Mr. Palgrave; but the analyst is overborne by the anthologist. He is so charmed by beauty in literature that he sometimes gives us passages which are merely beautiful and have, as he owns, no bearing on his subject. He notices more than once the difference in the sentiments with which the ancient and the modern worlds have regarded Nature, but he does not seem to realise fully that it was a difference in kind and not merely in degree; and principles now and then appear, but only to be soon ignored when he proceeds to illustration. For instance, though we read of that "union with human feeling which, whether by way of sympathy or contrast, art itself and the human soul always imperatively call for," we look in vain for that union in his quotations from Greek, Latin, and Hebrew poetry at all events, to say nothing now of the rest. "More distinctly modern," he writes, "is the attempt to penetrate the soul of the landscape itself;" but it has not occurred to him that this attempt may be held to be wholly and solely modern, and quite uncharacteristic of the ancient or medieval world. Is there a sign of even consciousness to Nature, not to speak of an attempt to penetrate the soul of the landscape in Greek poetry before Theocritus? In Latin poetry, as Professor Sellar pointed out, there is a good deal of conscious sensibility to Nature, but something quite un-

like the modern, the Wordsworthian and Tennysonian, attitude. Lucretius makes a shrewd and interesting remark: "How splendid would be, if seen for the first time, the clear pure colour of the open sky, the wandering stars, and the moon and dazzling sun, to which now man scarce deigns to raise his sated eyes." The feeling for nature, we would say, in Latin poetry is to that of modern poetry as this passage from Lucretius is to Wordsworth's,—

There was a time when meadow, grove
and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparel'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.

But it is when we come to Horace that we are most puzzled to realise what it is that in Mr. Palgrave's opinion constitutes in a poet a real love of Nature and susceptibility to her influence. Apparently the mere mention of a river, a mountain, a valley, is enough. What conceivable proof or sign of a feeling for Nature can be found in the lines

Cur valle permutem Sabina
Divitias operosiores? ¹

Yet it is with reference to this very couplet that Mr. Palgrave indignantly observes, "Those who cannot find the great poet in Horace should lay aside poetry." Now it seems to us, that for even erroneous views on this subject, renewed study under intelligent direction would be a better treatment than the complete laying aside of poetry; but we cannot regard as erroneous the view which sees in Horace a great poet absolutely uninfluenced by Nature, to which, indeed, he often refers with characteristic prettiness, but only to point some shrewd com-

¹ Why lose my Sabine dell to gain
The cares that swell the rich man's train?

ment on life, its transitoriness and so forth. Surely it does not go for nothing that by far the most elaborate of his eulogies on country life is ironical, a very clever piece of banter directed against practical men who think it graceful to go into ecstasies about the country,—indeed, the most decided protest in poetry against the main feeling which underlies what some now call the Lake School of English poetry. So far as we can gather Mr. Palgrave's meaning on p. 52, we are to account for Horace's limited allusions to landscape by his limited opportunities of living in the country. But is it not strange that when he does dwell, sincerely and not in mockery, on the delights of a country life, it is on the *noctes cœnæque dædæm*, his dinner parties and country society, that he enlarges; not on the joys which the country offers, but on those which can be imported thither from the town? Yet Mr. Palgrave twice (pp. 238 and 248) actually compares Horace and Wordsworth as lovers of the country.

In characterising landscape poetry to the close of the eighteenth century, he gives us some excellent criticism which with the necessary modifications might well be applied to Horace: "Man and his works were the chief subject of Dryden's powerful Muse, and, although he looked back to Chaucer, his tales were so modernised by Dryden that the old poet became almost unrecognisable. The wonderful genius of Pope, who saw what his readers required, largely took for the object of his strenuous labour court life and the artificialities of society. Country life as such was to him intolerable dullness."

Though only too generous in his appreciation of the poets, and too ready to find, even in casual allusions, a heart attuned to the spirit of the country, Mr. Palgrave puts one poet

alone outside the pale. This is that tune-fullest of singers, Ovid. The late Dr. Henry thought the first book of the *METAMORPHOSES* better than any part of his favourite Virgil's works. Without going so far as this, we would venture to say that the scene in which Proserpina with her girl friends plucks flowers in Enna, though depreciated as "nothing but a gardener's catalogue," compares favourably as landscape-painting with any of Horace's vignettes inspired by a flask of Cæcuban under a tree, and is not inferior to most of the illustrations cited from the subsequent poets (except Shakespeare and Milton), until we come to genuine feeling for Nature in recent poetry.

Quintilian, in an oft-quoted passage, pointed out that the Latin poets admired Nature only for her amenity; bold and wild scenery, mountain pass and frowning scaur, were to them *fædi* and *tetri visu* (shocking and hideous to behold). Tennyson's *PALACE OF ART*, among its lovely pictures of peace, has its "iron coast and angry waves," its "foreground black with stones and slags," and its

Ragged rims of thunder brooding low
With shadow-streaks of rain.

All these would have been repulsive to an ancient Roman whether in art or poetry.

A very similar criticism may be made on landscape in Hebrew poetry. Biblical poetry treats landscape mainly in relation to man. The beautiful scene is the field which the Lord has blessed, which will yield a good harvest. Even the 104th Psalm is hardly landscape poetry so much as a series of reflections on the relation of Nature and Nature's God to living things, and especially to mankind. The one phrase in Hebrew literature which seems to show a real sympathy with Nature in the modern sense is the

allusion to the lilies of the field in the Sermon on the Mount, a passage which has always seemed to us as curiously unique as it is simply beautiful.

We have said that Mr. Palgrave here and there enunciates a principle which might have had a regulative influence on his quotations, but that his mind, so attuned to beauty in poetry, cannot resist the Muse when she lays herself out to please; and it has already been pointed out how the condition of "union with human feeling," or even the "sense of the Unity in Nature," is often neglected in the choice of illustrations. Though he quotes Beethoven's phrase, "*Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerei* (more expressive of feeling than painting)," he does not ask his poets for rendering of inner sentiment, if they will only give him sufficiently beautiful or powerful painting, as in the garden of Alcinoüs, the convulsion of nature in the PROMETHEUS, the praises of Athens in the CEDIPEUS COLONEUS.

It is only when he comes to Elizabethan poetry that he makes a distinction which, as we conceive, should have guided him throughout, and lays down that the statement of a natural fact, however true, is comparatively valueless for his purpose, if too obvious. The consistent application of this principle would deprive a very large number of his quotations of their claim to a place. Much the same may be said about another excellent rule, which appears, we think for the first time on p. 171, that it is not enough merely to describe Nature, she must be described for her own sake, as she is by Shelley and Wordsworth. Again, at p. 202 he clearly sees how essential for his purpose it is that with "truth to Nature" should be combined "personal feeling"; but he does not seem to have missed this quality in his many exquisite citations from early Italian and Elizabethan poetry. On

p. 136 he quotes from Spenser a passage in which we have "a picture of the sea and of a vast royal ship of the day which has never been surpassed in English literature." The merit of the passage is perhaps exaggerated, but what one feels most disposed to protest against is the generalisation drawn from it: "With what splendid landscape scenes might Spenser have endowed us, had he thus trusted to himself more freely!" Not so; neither in its sturdy boyhood in the hands of Chaucer, nor in its graceful adolescence in those of Spenser was English poetry under the influence of Nature. When she desired to describe a natural scene she described it, and sometimes very well; but she never felt Nature to be a present goddess, and fortunately she never pretended that she did.

As to Celtic poetry, we must confess that to us it seems to prove nothing so clearly as the fact that sometimes the more a poet writes about Nature the more he betrays how little he is under her influence. Llywarch's dry catalogues of the features of the external world interspersed with moral platitudes seem to show a temper at the opposite pole to that of the lover of Nature:

Bright are the willow-tops; playful
the fish
In the lake; the wind whistles over
the tops of the branches;
Nature is superior to learning. . . .
Bright are the tops of the broom; let
the lover arrange meetings;
Very yellow are the cluster'd branches;
Shallow ford; the contented is apt to
enjoy sleep.

Yet Mr. Palgrave professes to find landscape poetry here, and indeed one might almost say everywhere. He is often obliged to qualify his eulogies, as when he says of Allan Ramsay that he deserves praise rather for his intention than for his performance,

or characterises a poem as "beautiful, but how inferior to the lyrics of Milton," or as "full of life and invention, if not highly poetical."

But it is amazing how many delightful pieces he has put before us, not perhaps bearing closely on his theme, but still very delightful for themselves. Among them we would especially note an admirable rendering by Dean Plumptre of the opening of the twenty-fourth canto of *THE INFERNO* (on p. 81), a passage from Ausonius (p. 65), the song of Phædria (p. 134), the river-god's song to Amoret in *THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS* (p. 140), and scores of other beautiful pieces more familiar, but all unfailing in their charm.

It is when we come to the fifteenth chapter, on Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley, that at last we find ourselves exactly at the author's point of view. And this is because now for the first time landscape begins in the fullest sense of the word to influence poetry. Here we have the personal note which personifies Nature and invests her with our human sensibilities, as when (to take one example out of a thousand in modern poetry) Shelley asks the moon,

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the
earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different
birth—
And ever changing like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

In Wordsworth, of course, this is the very key-note; it is of the very fibre of his poetry, and is beautifully and copiously illustrated in the book before us.

We have also the vigorous image that presents Nature to the mind as vividly as she could come before the eye in Coleridge's,—

The lightning fell with never a jag
A river steep and wide;

and in Keats's,—

These green-robed senators of mighty
woods,
Tall oaks;

and the minute observation of her moods, as when the latter paints the "swarms of minnows" in a passage closely imitated by Tennyson in *ENID* AND *GERAINT* where he compares the champions put to flight by wild Limours to

A shoal
Of darting fish that on a summer morn
Adown the crystal dykes of Camelot
Come slipping o'er their shadows on
the sand;
But if a man who stands upon the brink
But lift a shining hand against the sun,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin
Between the cressy islets white in
flower.

These and all the other signs of the influence of landscape in poetry are fairly and fully illustrated and appreciated in the delightful chapter which deals with recent poetry. The work is especially pleasing in its illustration of what is happily called Tennyson's "gift of flashing the landscape before us in a word or two," such as "little breezes *dusk and shiver*" and "the *wrinkled* sea beneath him crawls." It is interesting to note that Æschylus (in the *AGAMEMNON*, 1408), applies this same epithet (*ῥυτὰς*) to the sea, but the editors have unanimously struck it out as an error of the copyist and replaced it by the pale and colourless *ῥυτὰς* (flowing). Other excellent examples of this gift are "The blasts that *blow the poplar white*" in *IN MEMORIAM*; in *THE BROOK*

I make the *netted* sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows;

and a less familiar passage from *THE LAST TOURNAMENT*,

The great waters break
Whitening for half a league, and thin
themselves
Far over sands *marbled with moon
and cloud*
From less and less to nothing.

In the lavish abundance of English poetry from Coleridge to Tennyson, there must of course be hundreds of admirably characteristic passages omitted in a book like this; but one cannot help wondering how Mr. Palgrave could resist Keats's

Magic casements opening on the
foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn ;

or the terrible intensity of the scene
in *MARIANA IN THE SOUTH*, where

The steady glare
Shrank one sick willow sere and small ;
The river bed was dusty-white,
And all the furnace of the light
Struck up against the blinding wall ;

or, lastly, that amazing picture in *THE PASSING OF ARTHUR*, which has inspired more than one painter,—

A broken chancel with a broken cross
That stood on a dark strait of barren
land ;
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was
full.

It is an interesting circumstance that from one point of view the ancient and modern world are sharply contrasted in their attitude towards Nature. They both agree in drawing from the external world illustrations of mental states. Sometimes, indeed, in ancient poetry these analogies are almost grotesque, as when Apollonius Rhodius compares the fluttering heart of Medea to a ray of light reflected from the troubled surface of a tub of water, or Virgil likens the frenzied Amata's wanderings to the gyrations

of a top whipped by boys "round great empty halls." But the process is hardly ever inverted in ancient poetry. We can think of no example of such an inversion except one in the Homeric *HYMN TO HERMES*, where the speed with which a work was done is compared to the speed of thought :

As when a swift thought darts into the
brain
Of man, amid thick-coming doubts and
fears.
And sparkling flashes dance from out
his eyes.

It was possibly this remarkable passage which suggested to Tennyson a fine phrase in *THE DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN* :

As when a great thought strikes along
the brain,
And flushes all the cheek.

The expression is very uncharacteristic of early poetry, and perhaps points (with other indications in the same poem) to a late, possibly Alexandrian, origin of the hymn. And after all "quick as thought" is a conception so familiar and natural that its elaboration into a metaphor hardly makes a real exception to an established rule. But in modern poetry it is quite common. Shelley compares a rock clinging to the side of a ravine to "a wretched soul" which

Hour after hour
Clings to the mass of life ; yet cling-
ing leans,
And leaning makes more dark the
dread abyss
In which it fears to fall.

To Browning the black-thorn boughs, dark in the wood but white in the sunshine with coming buds, are "like the bright side of a sorrow." And in *THE PRINCESS* there is a very striking figure :

Let the wild
 Lean-headed eagles yelp aloud, and
 leave
 The monstrous ledges there to slope,
 and spill
 Their thousand wreaths of dangling
 water-smoke,
 That like a broken purpose waste in air.

Everyone remembers Homer's comparison of man to the leaves of the forest; but we had to wait till the era of Shelley for the converse simile in which the dead autumn leaves are likened to

Ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
 Yellow and black and pale and hectic
 red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes.

It will be seen that in Mr. Palgrave's work we have ventured to take exception only to the method, or rather to suggest that the adoption of a different method might have given more scope to his faculties as a critic, though it might not have produced a more attractive book. The execution is generally excellent. The translations from Greek and Latin poetry show scholarship and taste. Sometimes the printers have gone astray, and the necessary correction has been lacking. For instance, on p. 26 *husky* must be a misprint for *dusky* which would be a very fair rendering of *αἰθαλίωνες*; on p. 29 *περίπλυνον* should be *περίπλεον*; in the translation from Menander on p. 32 we should read "shouldst thou live" and "thou wilt see;" *birds* has usurped the place of *buds* in the rendering from the Georgics on p. 46. But the most unfortunate misprint is that of *whom* for *who* in a sentence on p. 118: "Dorigen goes on to speak of the hundred thousand whom she fancies have been dashed against the rocks and slain." This is an unfortunate misprint, for it seems to give the great sanction of the editor of THE GOLDEN TREASURY

and of a Professor of Poetry at Oxford, to a vile solecism which is gradually making its way into conversation and into the provincial Daily Press. In a writer who is usually so tenacious of a pure English diction we do not like to read that "the part omitted is of some length" when the meaning is that it is of *considerable length*. Such expressions pave the way for the Americanism "he has been away quite a time." Finally, "to what simplicity of Nature does he not return!" (p. 160) gives countenance to a growing misuse of the negative in interjectional sentences. The words quoted should mean "he returns to every simplicity of Nature," but the sentiment intended to be conveyed is obviously "how he returns to the simplicity of Nature." "What pleas did I not urge" is right enough for "I urged every plea." But "what tears did I not shed" is wrong, for the meaning could only be "I shed every tear," which would be a very singular expression, nearly as strange as "what a wet day was it not," for "how wet it was." The neglect of this obvious distinction is becoming very prevalent; otherwise it would not have been worth while to dwell on so minute a topic. But, indeed, the general character of Mr. Palgrave's work is so high that one would naturally like to have it without a flaw; and his position is such that his authority might well be quoted for usages which he would be the first to disown. We should all offer him our hearty thanks and congratulations on a piece of work which few could have attempted, few indeed could have accomplished so well; and we can only regret that criticism must so often emphasise rather points of divergence than of concurrence, and devote to cold appraisal pages which might have been filled with warm praise.

R. Y. TYRRELL.